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JUNE 1944

The American Mercury

STOP KICKING CONGRESS AROUND!

Congressman Jerry Voorhis

THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR

Helen Worden

WHY UNIONS MUST BE REGULATED

Oswald G. Villard

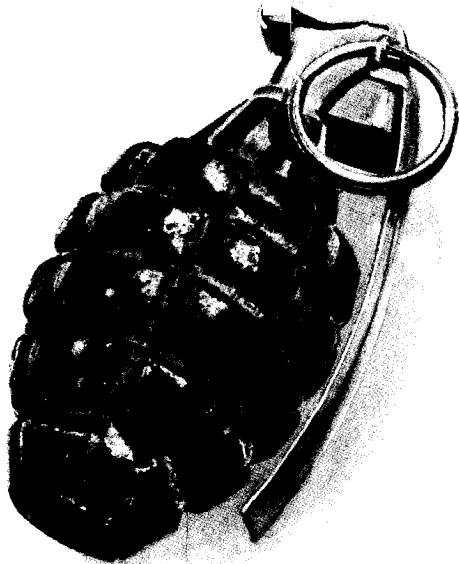
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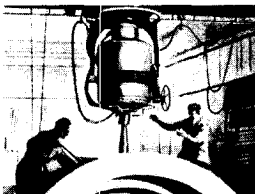
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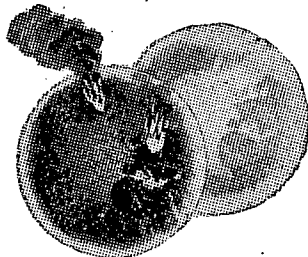
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VOLUME
LVIII

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CARTOONS BY Eric Peters

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AMERICA UNLIMITED, by Eric Johnston. \$2.50. *An American Mercury Book. Doubleday, Doran.* This is not a profound book — but one that is profoundly right. The author, who has been president of the United States Chamber of Commerce for the past two years, is in his own person a kind of composite of the concept American. His instincts are unerringly on the side of decency, restraint, constructive cooperation. Though he attacks corrupt labor and corrupt management alike, and does not hesitate to apportion blame, there is no trace of bitterness in these pages.

The book is essentially a plea for the middle way — for what Mr. Johnston calls "a people's capitalism," as opposed to the state capitalism of the fascist-communist pattern and the monopoly and cartel capitalism elsewhere. His emphasis therefore is on the middle class, the free entrepreneur, a system of competitive opportunity. The author preaches an "old-fashioned" gospel of optimism. He comes nearest to passionate denunciation in the section where he refutes the claim that American economy is "mature" and at a dead end. On the contrary, he argues, the achievements ahead of us are greater than those behind us, provided we do not permit defeatism and doctrines of submission to superstate authority to botch our national life.

In view of Mr. Johnston's announced trip to the Soviet Union, on invitation of the Moscow government, his chapter on "The Individual vs. the State" is especially interesting. "The duel between individualism and statism," he concludes, "is the most decisive fact in this period. America indubitably belongs on the side of individualism. We must not lose by default."

USSR, by Walter Duranty. \$3.00. *Lippincott.* A rewrite, without much improvement, of the author's previous books on Russia. Mr. Duranty still writes as he pleases, and still leaves the reader mystified as to why he pleases to write as he does. His central theme is that Joseph Stalin never has

(Continued on page 757)

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Before his election as president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Johnston was well known to business men of the Northwest, little known nationally. The first article he wrote was for The Mercury, "Business Faces a Changing World." It revealed an unorthodox, courageous personality with challenging convictions. It was picked up by the press, quoted by the radio, received wide editorial comment. Soon The Saturday Evening Post told the country what sort of man Eric Johnston was. The Reader's Digest published more of his views. He became the most sought-after speaker in the country. And in a matter of months, American business knew it had found a new spokesman of major stature and Americans recognized a dynamic new liberal leader in the national line-up.

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Lawrence E. Spivak

Publisher

The American MERCURY

STOP KICKING CONGRESS AROUND!

By JERRY VOORHIS

THIS article is written by a Representative who has found himself in the minority on at least two-thirds of the issues which the Seventy-eighth Congress has faced — or refused to face.

I believe we should be paying a substantially larger share of the cost of the war as we go along. I believe we should provide now for an expanded and improved social security program. I favor an effective top limit, accomplished by taxation, on the amount of money any family could keep, after taxes, and spend on itself during this war. I believe most earnestly in the school lunch program to absorb farm surpluses wherever they may appear. I am for a simple direct ballot sent to men in the fighting forces, without

red-tape procedures that discourage voting. I believe in bold, forthright preparation for the difficult postwar world that is coming. I could continue to catalogue things I believe in and have worked for to show how in instance after instance this Congress has gone in exactly the opposite direction by a thumping majority or has refused to consider the matter at all.

I can scarcely be suspected, therefore, of excessive admiration for the record of the particular Congress now in session. Yet the purpose of this article is to emphasize the danger involved in the growing hostility of many segments of the American people to the national legislature of the United States. The circumstance that I belong to a decided minority in the

JERRY VOORHIS is a Democrat who is representing the twelfth California district in Congress for the fourth consecutive term. He was born in Kansas and graduated from Yale, represented the YMCA in Germany in 1923-1924, and for a number of years taught school.

Seventy-eighth Congress has not blinded me to the fundamental fact that the future of American democratic government rests primarily upon the vitality of Congress as an institution. Too many critics, unfortunately, seem more intent on throttling Congress than on improving it. Though they may mean well and may have plenty of justification for their hostility, they are set on a dangerous and basically undemocratic course.

The United States became an independent nation because colonial legislatures led the people in rebellion against the executive power of the English king, his ministers and his colonial governors. To the men who presided over the birth of this Republic, executive power represented the threat of tyranny — the legislature represented the hope of freedom. All through the Revolutionary War and for approximately six years thereafter, this young nation had virtually no executive at all, but only the Continental Congress, an essentially legislative body.

Unfortunately for the legislative branch of our government, it has, historically, usually been less progressive in outlook and policy than either the people or the stronger and more energetic Presidents. Presidents Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson fought hard and many times unsuccessfully to obtain the support of Congress for the progressive measures they proposed. Except in the earliest days of

his administration, Franklin D. Roosevelt has had the same experience. Leadership for constructive social and economic advance in the United States has come, when it came at all, more often from the Presidency than from Congress.

To analyze why this has been so would take us too far afield. But one important reason, especially marked in recent years, has been the tendency for "strong" Presidents to expect majority party leaders in Congress to function principally as agents of the White House on Capitol Hill, rather than leaders of Congress developing and pushing through Congressional legislative programs. More alarming, many Congressmen and some Congressional leaders have apparently agreed with this conception. In consequence the Congress has been to a degree deprived of independent leadership. The most basic of all the functions of Congress — that of initiating legislation — has been slipping from its grasp.

Understandably enough, this has led millions of Americans to identify the acts of the executive with progress and the power of Congress with conservatism. Those who are eager to achieve vital social reforms are impatient with Congress and inclined to favor the more direct methods of administrative actions. This situation holds the greatest danger both to our tripartite form of government and to our fundamental democratic institutions. We now find the same elements in the population which in the Con-

stitutional Convention fought against excess of executive power, basing almost their whole political philosophy on support of the Presidency and suspicion of and opposition to the Congress.

Certain groups and organizations which once looked to Congress as the agency of government most aware of their problems and responsive to their needs, are presently inclined to judge the worth of members of Congress solely by the degree to which they have "supported the President." This attitude, as I have said, is often understandable. It is also highly dangerous to their own best long-term interests.

II

There is nothing whatsoever "un-American" about American citizens opposing members of Congress for reelection. There is nothing "un-American" about groups of citizens (including organized groups which raise money for the purpose) opposing for reelection individual members whose points of view they consider wrong. If democratic government means anything it means the right of the people—any of the people—to attempt to displace old office holders with new ones, every time a national election is held. Efforts of Congressional Committees to silence groups seeking to change the membership of the House and Senate put the whole Congress in a weak and childish position before the country.

But when Congress as an institution is brought under attack, and more particularly when the future hopes of the common people of the country are pinned upon *the ascendancy of the Presidency over the Congress*, then our Republic and its democratic mechanisms are, indeed, menaced.

In both Italy and Germany, the rise of fascism was marked by attacks of growing intensity on the Chamber of Deputies and the Reichstag respectively. In the legislative halls of every democratic government that the world has ever known has resided the hope of freedom for the people. And there it rests today in our own country.

It is short-sighted to evaluate the problem in the light of any immediate social objectives. It may be readily acknowledged that on a particular issue the victory of the President over Congress may be desirable. But in any long-run struggle between the national legislature and the executive of a nation the legislature must win if democracy itself is to survive. The decline of the national legislature is a symptom that should alarm all freedom-loving people. Its destruction means the end of democratic government, the elevation of the executive—in short, dictatorship.

I assert these truths with the more feeling because I am out of step with the majority of the present Congress and convinced, moreover, that this majority is out of step with the predominant desires and opinions of the American people.

I doubt that the present Congress differs markedly from previous Congresses in the general quality of its personnel. Time throws a romantic aura around the past which makes current institutions seem drab by comparison. Members of Congress, contrary to the charges so frequently made in press, radio and organizational literature, are a pretty conscientious lot. Many of them readily risk political defeat in order to vote in accordance with their convictions. Corruption, in the sense of accepting monetary inducement for votes, hardly exists in our Congress if, indeed, it exists at all.

In the make-up of its membership, Congress is more like the American nation than any other part of the government. There is about it something earthy which one does not find anywhere else in the capital. It has the faults and the virtues of the American people. Yet this institution, down the years, has been attacked and ridiculed. And today the position of the legislature in the American structure of government is threatened by currents of opinion rampant through the nation. A very few of those who conduct this offensive, I suppose, know that they are leveling an assault on democracy itself. Most of them are simply so short-sighted they do not grasp the crucial fact that if Congress goes down, so does the American government as it was shaped in 1789 and as it has existed through the years.

What then can we do about it? To say that people ought to quit attacking Congress is no answer. As I have

pointed out, there are times when resentment against the action of Congress is a sign of political health and vigor. Neither is it a basic approach to the problem to complain about President Roosevelt's attitude toward the national legislature. Some of the suggestions for improvement of Congressional procedure — particularly those which would supply the Congress with independent sources of expert information — will help. But they alone cannot reach the root of the trouble.

To those groups and organizations which consider themselves "liberal" let this be said with fervent emphasis: The remedy for Congressional conservatism must not be the undermining of the whole institution of Congress. The cure, in that event, would be far worse than the disease. For if Congress is enfeebled and hamstrung, all hope of decent solutions of our national problems would be obliterated along with the Congress which thus far has failed to deal adequately with such problems.

Unlimited executive power is not a short-cut to the happier America we seek. That can come through a stronger, more progressive, more dynamic, more truly representative Congress. It can never come through no Congress at all. Whatever the shortcomings of the present Congress, the concentration of excessive loosely-defined power in the hands of a great and growing executive branch is dangerous in an epoch when popular government throughout the world is

on the defensive. The granting of necessary war powers to the executive by Congress is part of the price of total war. Insofar as they strengthen a pre-war trend, however, they hold a threat. We must make sure that they remain *war* powers only.

III

The people of the Congressional districts of the United States and the duly elected members of Congress hold within their own hands the answer to this vital question and, therefore, the key to the future security of our democratic institutions.

In every election and, so far as I am aware, in every Congressional district, the total vote for President substantially exceeds the total vote for Congress. As long as this is so, it remains evident that the American people regard the office of Senator or Representative in Congress as less important to them than that of the Chief Executive. Many of the very people who do not take the trouble to cast their ballots for Congressman or Senator are loudest in condemnation of the failure of Congress to act with greater vision or greater dispatch in dealing with public questions. A sharply increased awareness of the importance of the Congress should be expressed by American citizens on election day, not a month or two afterward.

Most of all, however, Congress must fight its own battles, realizing that freedom itself hangs in the balance.

In a blind sort of way Congress has tried. It has overridden some Presidential vetoes. It has set up some Investigating Committees, such as the House Committee to Investigate Acts of Executive Agencies beyond their duly granted power and authority. From time to time a majority of Congress has risen in its might and voted a resounding "No" against some Presidential proposal. Increasing concern has been manifest about the problem of administrative law and the necessity of Congressional action to define the scope within which executive agencies shall make and enforce rules and regulations.

But one thing has been lacking — the one thing without which Congress cannot maintain its position as a co-equal branch of government; the one thing which the common folk of America inevitably associate with national leadership. I refer to a constructive program for the solution of the nation's present and future problems.

There are those who, citing Britain as example, contend that the proposal of national governmental programs is wholly the province of the executive, and that the function of the legislature should be merely to dispose of what the executive places before it. They forget the fundamental difference between our structure of government and the British system. The British Prime Minister who fails to gain support for his program in the Parliament must resign, to be replaced by a Prime Minister who can

obtain such support. But in the United States, if Congress defeats the President's program in any important respect, it assumes the duty of bringing forth and passing a program of its own. Otherwise, since both the President and Congress hold office for a fixed term of years, the nation is left, until the next election at least, without effective leadership.

It is encouraging that at long last both the House and Senate have created Committees on Postwar Policy and Planning. Out of such committees may come a program of basic policies upon which general agreement may be obtained to secure the future economic health and vigor of our nation as well as international peace. But even here the executive is three or four jumps ahead of Congress. Before these committees have really got under way, the President has appointed two key administrators—one to "take charge of" the whole problem of reemployment of veterans and war workers, the other to handle the entire task of disposal of surplus government property. Congress may checkmate the President, but negative action is a poor substitute for the vigorous leadership the American people have a right to expect from their Congress.

A concrete example will show how Congress might have acted to put itself in a position of co-equality with the President in national leadership but failed to do so. The way the problem of financing this war has been dealt with should serve the purpose.

This Congress has complained bitterly, and sometimes not without reason, about the Office of Price Administration. But it has consistently refused to adopt a fiscal policy that might have made OPA less necessary and that certainly would have made it possible to set up a more limited and much less powerful agency. Every member of Congress knew perfectly well from the beginning that this would be a total war in which it would be necessary artificially to restrict the output of consumers' goods; and that to the extent that taxes plus savings failed to equal the difference between national income and the available supply of consumers' goods there would be inflation. From the very beginning there were those in Congress who advocated not only a courageous tax policy but also a program of compulsory savings. This would have rendered unnecessary the inflationary sale of bonds to banks for newly created money; it would have distributed the holdings of government bonds widely and equitably through the entire population; it would have made certain that wartime savings would remain available as a backlog of consumers' buying power to prevent deflation in the postwar period.

But because neither the Treasury nor any other executive agency recommended a compulsory savings program, Congress never went ahead with it. Here was a superb chance for Capitol Hill to assume both responsibility and leadership. But Congress

did not act. It took the weak and futile position that its own legislative action had to wait upon executive recommendation. And so it did not enact a general savings program. Neither did it come forward with a tax program sufficiently courageous to pay even half the cost of the war as we went along.

The President's veto of the so-called tax bill in March of 1944 was no isolated act. It was the culmination of a long series of events which can only be understood if we recognize at the outset the failure of the Congress to develop an effective program for the financing of the war on its own account. Congress had good emotional grounds for overriding the Presidential veto. Mr. Roosevelt had, by the language of his message, laid upon Congress considerably more blame than, even under the circumstances, belonged there. Even those who voted to sustain the veto felt this deeply. On the other hand, there were many who voted to override the veto, knowing in their hearts that the bill for which they were voting was, in the light of the nation's war needs, inexcusably weak, inadequate and full of loopholes.

Nor is this all. The national debt has soared to astronomical figures. Some estimate it will go to 300 billion dollars before the war has finally been won. And the worst of it is that at least one-third of this mounting debt never should have been a debt of the American people at all. Seventy billions of the present national debt

of nearly 200 billions has resulted from the sale of interest-bearing government securities to the private banks for what the bank circulars call "book credit" and what actually is money newly created upon the banks' books by the mere stroke of a fountain pen. Testifying before the House Banking and Currency Committee in March, 1943, Mr. Leo Crowley, Chairman of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, described this process as follows:

When the bank subscribes to a new issue it creates on its books a credit to the Treasury in a war loan deposit account. . . . The Treasury draws upon its war loan deposit account as it needs the money. . . . Upon the securities which it buys the bank received interest from the date of purchase. . . . In effect, therefore, the banks pay on an installment basis with no down payments and no interest for securities upon which they average a return of 1 per cent per annum; they also sell to customers for cash, securities for which they do not have to make immediate remittance to the Treasury.

Thus it comes about that when interest-bearing government securities are "sold" to banks, the banks purchase them with dollars which never existed before — purely inflationary dollars — dollars created without cost to the banks simply by writing figures in their "war loan deposit" accounts. As of today, interest and principal upon seventy billions of this kind of "debt" will in the future have to be paid to the banking system by the American people, including those now fighting this war. Before the war has

been won this artificial debt will in all likelihood have risen to at least a hundred billions.

When an individual buys a government bond he gives up cash or draws upon a bank account and pays for the bond with money he already has earned and saved. But banks use the nation's own credit to buy the nation's interest-bearing bonds. Yet Congress has made no move to prevent these private financial houses from thus usurping the power of money creation which, according to the Constitution and by every ethical and moral law, belongs only to the people as a whole through their Congress.¹

IV

This Congress might have said when the war broke out: "We will finance this war so far as humanly possible by means of a courageous tax program and the real savings of the people, not by monetary inflation through the banking system. If any new money is required it shall be created in such fashion that no interest will have to be paid upon it by the generation now bearing the brunt of the fighting." That would have constituted dynamic leadership. It would have been a program better than the Treasury's, better than the President's. Above all, it would have been a program! It would have enabled the American people to know that their choice was

not between Presidential proposals and no proposals at all, but between Presidential proposals on the one hand and a constructive Congressional program on the other.

There is evidence that the Congress is beginning to recognize its fundamental responsibility to provide leadership. The House has just created a special committee on Postwar Military Policy for the United States. It is designed to bring before the Congress bills on military policy. The House and Senate committees on Postwar Economic Policy and Planning referred to above are designed to perform a similar function with reference to the tremendous problems of economic reconstruction in our own nation after the war. It is to be hoped that these committees will deal promptly with contract termination, disposal of surplus property and other problems affecting the immediate postwar reconversion period, so that they will get on with the far more difficult and important duty of outlining a coordinated legislative program to assure a full-production, full-employment, full-home-market economy in the United States after the war.

With the merits of proposals which these policy committees may bring forth this article need not deal. But if they are to meet the necessities of the times and justify the Congress in the eyes of the nation they must be forward-looking rather than attempts to revive the conditions of "dear dead days beyond recall."

¹ My book, *Out of Debt, Out of Danger*, analyzes this monetary hocus-pocus fully and offers a scientific program to take its place. J. V.

My point is that the very act of creating such committees shows a belated recognition in the Congress that if it is to assert its independence of the executive, it must assume responsibility for a rounded legislative program. One other illustration — this time a hopeful one — will help make clear the remedy which must be applied by the Congress itself to the national problem of the efficacy of Congress. There has been wide difference of opinion between the Administration and the legislature on agricultural policy. By and large, the Administration has up to the present maintained its program while Congress has exercised itself principally in verbal criticism. The result has been an extremely complicated structure of governmental agencies dealing with farmers and farmers' problems, with Congress frequently cutting appropriations and sometimes crippling important work, but providing no concrete alternatives. This has been especially true in the field of farm credit. For a long time the Farm Security Administration has been a storm center, subject to violent attack in Congressional debate, carrying on its work of providing rehabilitation loans to poor farmers under constant threat of destruction.

As this article is written, however, the House Committee on Agriculture has under consideration a comprehensive bill, which, if enacted into

law, will constitute a carefully worked out Congressional program for dealing with the problem of farm tenancy and for providing for the credit needs of that great group of American farmers who cannot obtain credit from other sources. The work of three existing agricultural credit agencies would be combined under one new agency with the scope and character of its activities carefully defined in law, and guided in each county of the nation by a committee of local citizens. Not only an evidence of constructive Congressional leadership, but a more effective means than we have yet had of promoting the independence and self-sufficiency of small and poor farmers may be the end result.

This is the kind of answer which Congress must give to its critics. Not complaints because someone works for a member's defeat, not negative opposition to Presidential proposals, but positive, forthright legislative initiative and legislative action to meet the problems of the American people! It is not an easy answer. But it is one that is ready to hand, and one that should serve as a challenge to the self-respect of every member as an elected legislator and to his patriotism as an American.

If democracy is to prosper, our national legislature must not merely survive but must achieve a new dimension of leadership.



► *Fantastic prices cannot deter
frantic fun and thrill seekers.*

GOTHAM ON A SPENDING SPREE

BY LUCIUS BEEBE

A SHORT time ago a French refugee paid for a round of four drinks at the bar at Pierre's on Fifth Avenue with a hundred dollar bill and told the barkeep to pocket the change. As he made this florid exit an American sailor near by hissed, "*A bas les sales étrangers!*"

The day before the new 20 per cent tax on jewelry went into effect, a rise of 10 per cent over the previous levy, a South American woman purchased an \$85,000 string of jade beads in an over-the-counter transaction at Cartier's, thus saving herself \$8,500 and regarding it, doubtless, as so much found money.

The management of the St. Regis hotel recently discovered that a lot of approximately a hundred cases of vintage Perrier-Jouet in its cellars was on the verge of senility and decided to use it up as bar champagne in place of the usual American champagne devoted to this purpose. At a tariff of \$1.50 a drink the bin was emptied in less than three days.

A young Navy rating just discharged from the Service because of

injuries received in the South Pacific, observed on his first day home, a sandwich man at the corner of Fifty-third street and Fifth advertising mink coats from \$2,000 upward and promptly incorporated himself as a luxury letter service telling subscribers, for a consideration, how to spend the most money in New York shops, theaters and night clubs. More of this enterprise later.

Seats for *Oklahoma!* are now available from Times Square ticket agencies at \$25 a pair.

MacDonald Heath, New York's gussiest but by no means costliest men's tailor, whose suits range in price upwards from \$150, are six months behind on their orders, approximately half of which are for Army officers, according to Tony Williams, the firm's head.

At Chambord, a Third Avenue restaurant largely affected by French refugees, the menu lists Strasbourg *foie gras*, as an *hors d'oeuvre*, \$4.50 a portion, Mallard duck at \$10 a serving, and its wine list embraces cognacs up to \$5 a glass.

LUCIUS BEEBE has been on the staff of the New York Herald Tribune since 1929, and has conducted the syndicated column, This New York, since 1933. He is an authority on the poetry of François Villon and Edwin Arlington Robinson, and he has also written extensively on railroad transportation.

Cartier admits to being unable to fill all its orders for gold men's garters, not because of any shortage of gold, but because of a lack of good quality elastic.

Lily Daché, whose hats average around \$50 apiece for the simpler models, makes a specialty of designing bonnets for WAVES and WACS.

Both at the Colony Restaurant and at Jack's and Charlie's "21" there are parts of the premises known as the "doghouse," where it has been the practice of the managements to seat socially undesirable customers who are impervious to rebuff. In the past these tables have been seldom occupied because of their notable cachet of un-chic, but today they are filled and there are waiting lines at both lunch and dinner hours.

The night the new 30 per cent tax on night clubs went into effect Leon and Eddie's, the Zanzibar and the Stork Club all reported doing bigger business than any night of the season excepting only New Year's Eve.

A capacity throng of 41,412 sports enthusiasts beat the New York State record of \$3,176,553 at the Jamaica race track one Saturday in April as it watched Stir Up and Lucky Draw win the two divisions of the classic Wood Memorial. The mutuel machines were barely able to handle the mathematics involved in the wagering of this fantastic sum.

The foregoing are, to be sure, indications only that New York is the New Golconda and that boom times have come to Manhattan in a blizzard of

wonderful, wonderful currency. But New York was the last city in North America to get in on the war-time spending jag, and this sort of thing has been going on in Detroit, St. Louis, Cleveland, Dallas, San Francisco and Seattle for more than two years. The Federal government and a number of serious minded individuals are inclined to lament that the nation is indulging in a deluge of luxury living unparalleled at any time in recent history. Editor Henry Luce's *Life* and *Time* magazines are editorially grieved by the circumstance that Miami Beach night clubs rent neckties to underdressed patrons for a dollar an evening, but *Life* manages to make a handsome art layout and editorial spread out of the spectacular Florida boom of the past season while piously moralizing on its iniquities.

II

The Federal government apparently doesn't approve of night clubs, theaters or pleasure travel, but manages to make a very nice thing out of them in taxes just the same. The proprietors of the more conservative New York newspapers are saddened when feature writers report that a very nice lunch for two without wine can be had at the Colony for only \$30, but conservatism bows to thrift when it comes down to the matter of display insertions in their dailies advertising \$20,000 sable coats, \$100,000 diamond necklaces and night clubs where champagne retails for \$25 a bottle.

The fact of the matter, attested by every available evidence, is that a substantial part of the American public, impatient of wartime inconveniences and vexations and the widespread lowering of living standards generally, is on a spending bust of Homeric proportions. Partly persuaded that the dollar isn't all it is reputed to be and unable to purchase the accustomed substantial consumer commodities, Mr. and Mrs. John Dough are indulging their hanker for bright lights and music on stringed instruments, caviar, horseracing and fancy raiment.

Just what proportion of the population is participating in these charades and Morris dancing isn't easy to estimate, but it is very considerable and is valiantly determined to part with its cash assets while the chips have any meaning at all. In his dispatches to his home office, Don Iddon, New York correspondent of the London *Daily Mail*, remarks that for every idler and sensation seeker on the beaches of Florida during the past winter, there are "10,000,000 American men and women earnestly engaged in the production of tanks, guns and war *matériel* in general." At a conservative estimate, based on the registrants at Palm Beach and Miami hotels, this would give the population of the United States a total of approximately 100,000,000,000.

The new service referred to in the preamble to this article is itself a sign of the times and is called Gotham De Luxe. It was dreamed up and organized by a youth named Charles

Myron Clegg and underwritten by several amiable backers who were not only interested in a return on their money, but also in observing the precise extent of public foolishness. For a fee of ten dollars, C. Myron will draw up for a prospective visitor to New York a three-day itinerary of saloons, restaurants, night clubs, hotels, cafés, theaters and deadfalls where his or her money will be acceptable in more or less abundant quantities. Other information about de luxe life in Manhattan is available at parallel rates and, judging by the volume of business which followed the initial advertisements and publicity of Gotham De Luxe, the American public is very, very loony indeed. C. Myron's first order was a commission to track down a mess of plover's eggs for an affluent gourmet. His next was a communication from a widow who claimed to have \$100,000 worth of ambergris cached in a bank vault and wanted to cash in on it; and a large part of Clegg's mail is concerned with silk hose, the best beef steaks and other more or less black market commodities.

The day the new 30 per cent night club tax went into effect a reporter on the staff of the *Journal American* toured the hot spots of Gotham to survey the effect of the new impost upon business. He discovered that, while a number of comparatively anonymous deadfalls had given up their programs of entertainment and reverted to the service of comes-tibles without dancing, the larger

establishments were, without exception, enjoying capacity patronage. Jimmy, the door guardian at the Stork Club, was assisted by four huskies in repelling the assaults of the thirsty customers in the lobby. At the Zanzibar on Broadway, the line of the clamoring and parched stretched downstairs and into the lobby of the Winter Garden next door. Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe was jammed, and at the Latin Quarter, an enormous and popular el dumbo, the manager, Nat Harris, was behind the bar in person, assisting in the service of drinks. At El Morocco, where champagne is \$25 a bottle, the pockets of Carino, the maître d'hotel, were leaking banknotes donated by hopefuls in search of table space; and the scene at Monte Carlo, an equally costly parlor of up-roads, reminded old timers of Saturday night in the boom towns of the East Texas oil fields in the twenties.

III

It is apparent that the New York public has taken for its slogan the line from Omar: "I often wonder what the vintners buy one half so precious as the stuff they sell." Luxury products in the fields of food and liquor, jewelry, furs, luggage, women's clothes and hotel apartments command prices that would gravel the prospectors of Central City, Leadville and Gold Town in their palmiest days. A short time ago the Fifth Avenue jewelry firm of Rubel finished collecting and mounting a necklace of square cut

emeralds priced at \$80,000, and the trinket was sold before the shop's cabinet maker had a chance to build a plush case to hold it. The loss and subsequent recovery in the lady's powder room at Le Pavillon, the most expensive rendezvous of refugees, film faces and members of the Washington administration, of a diamond ring insured for \$100,000, caused little more than a casual ripple in the daily press.

In a recent film version of *Lady in the Dark* in which she was called upon to play the part of a highly competent and worldly New York magazine executive, Ginger Rogers appeared simply attired for a scene which lasted nearly three minutes in a mink-skirted evening dress which was insured by the producers for \$10,000 and which certainly set them back a factual half this sum.

A single bottle of pre-Napoleon Cognac was recently put on sale by Greigg, Lawrence and Hoyt, a local firm of wine merchants at \$1,000, and, although the precise disposal of this particular item has not been made public, it is part of the record that at the same sale there was disposed of a considerable quantity of Madeira from the cellars of the late J. P. Morgan at prices ranging upward of fifteen dollars a bottle — this for a wine perhaps not commonly available but still not comparable in rarity, say, to cornflower sapphires.

That automobile traffic in Manhattan is of a density closely paralleling that of peace times is a commonplace despite a drastic rationing scale; and

nylon women's hose are articles of currency as fluid as, and considerably more stable than, Federal currency.

The principal stock in trade of New York's prettiest fish monger, a young lady named Ellen Gray with a smart chips and haddock shop on upper Madison Avenue, is the world's finest caviar retailing at \$20 a pound and generally considered cheap at the price. The Plaza Hotel is at the moment spending several hundred thousand dollars on the installation of a new men's bar where hardy masculine drinkers won't have to be annoyed by female yelps and hairdos. A taxi driver who was going into the Navy confided to the writer that he sold his hack which had cost him \$1,500 and had been driven 49,000 miles for \$2,500 cash. At the Baroque, an intimate restaurant regarded by numerous gourmets as the most distinguished dining spot in town, an agonized customer was overheard the other evening protesting that the brandy in which his Cherries Jubilee were flaming was a California product rather than the usual vintage Cognac to which he was accustomed. Gold and platinum identification bracelets for Service men, some costing \$350 and \$400, are one of the fastest moving items in the trays of Madison Avenue jewelers.

Whether or not there is any moral to be derived from these gaudy and rococo circumstances does not lie within the professional sphere of this reporter. They are chronicled as fac-

tual realities and are, of course, merely minute aspects of a scheme of national joy-riding at once humorous and to be viewed with alarm by right thinkers and forward lookers. It should, at the outset, have been apparent to folk who orated spacioously about something called "total war" that the enlistment of the entire and wonderfully individualistic American public in any such grandiose conception and way of life was doomed, *ab initio*, to failure. Resentment against government impertinence and gestures of spurious economy was bound eventually to manifest itself in one way or another, and, by comparison to the total of Federal follies and needless extravagances, a few more thousand sable bedthrows and universal brushings of the teeth in a light Moselle seem of little consequence.

In the script of *Carmen Jones*, Billy Rose's jazzed-up version of the Bizet classic, a Negro attired in a blue dress suit lounging in a super-smart colored country club is called on to adjust a monocle and ponder languidly: "I wonder what the poor people are doing tonight?"

The answer, obviously, is that they are all dining at the Ritz Carlton off pheasant *en plumage* and Bollinger '26, being directed to El Morocco by the enterprising Charles Myron Clegg and hoisting pailsful of Bourbon whisky at \$1.25 an ounce at the Blue Angel. There just isn't anything else to do until Tiffany's and Revillon Frères open up in the morning.

► *The Nazi régime's last line of defense is firmly held by*

HITLER'S STORMTROOPERS

BY HERBERT ROSINSKI

As the shadows of defeat slowly gather around Hitler's short-lived empire, one man steadily emerges at his side, concentrating in his hands dictatorial powers to hold together the crumbling edifice. It is Heinrich Himmler, chief of the dreaded SS, the *Schutzstaffeln* or bodyguard echelons. The black-uniformed ruffians familiar to every movie-goer, with the death-head on their peaked caps and the red armlet with the swastika, the men who have everything to lose and everything to fear for themselves in the event of Hitler's defeat, are there to achieve what the German Army failed to do in 1918 — to keep the cracking front together until the Allies, wearied by their long effort, are willing to grant the Nazis a negotiated peace.

The SS men are the younger branch of the great Nazi fighting organization, the SA, the *Sturmabteilungen* or Stormtroopers, who in the heyday of the party's spectacular rise were all and everything in it; backbone and hierarchy, propaganda organization and military arm. At first nothing but a small group of handpicked body-

guards for the Führer himself and his henchmen, the SS rose by leaps and bounds after 1929, when it found in Himmler a leader incomparably more purposeful and efficient than even the debonair ruffian Roehm, the ex-General Staff officer who had built up the SA. The bloody purge of June 30, 1934, in which the SS provided the firing squads for the leaders of the SA and swaggered through the streets, while their brown-coated brethren, forbidden to show themselves in uniform, waited in trembling apprehension, reversed the relations between the two. Thenceforth it was the SS that formed the backbone of the party, while the SA degenerated into a vast mob, without leadership or purpose, a source of constant embarrassment, which Hitler could neither dissolve nor put to any profitable use.

In sharp contrast to the rough and ready SA, willing to open its ranks to all newcomers, the SS from the day it came under Himmler's guidance has deliberately emphasized its character as a carefully selected élite. A rigid system of entrance conditions has kept its membership small. The total num-

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ber at Hitler's accession to power has been variously estimated between 50,000 and 100,000; occasionally these restrictions have been relaxed, as in the early days of the Third Reich, but mass purges soon eliminated many tens of thousands.

Selection has been based primarily upon rigid racial tests: purity of "Aryan" blood at least since 1750, proof that there is no hereditary disease in the family, Nordic appearance and a minimum stature of 170 centimeters. For Himmler, who in his early days was a duck, chicken and rabbit farmer and the Nazi Party's agrarian expert, is probably the most rabid race fanatic among the entire Nazi leadership, just as he is the most ruthless and systematic Machiavellian among them.

From such "racially reliable blood-stock" he has systematically striven to build up a new aristocracy closely modelled upon the Japanese warrior caste of the Samurai, for which he has profound admiration and which he has closely studied. Like the Samurai, the SS is meant to be a closed corporation, into which a man enters for life, rather than a party organization which a man may join and leave again at will. In Himmler's opinion the historic revolutions of the past have been largely determined by chance. Their leaders, thrown up by accident and without any systematically organized following to back them, have been unable to maintain their successes and have failed to perpetuate their achievements. That element of chance he has been determined to eliminate by his

systematic selection and training of the SS to be the master class and living embodiment of the German Revolution, stabilized thereby for all eternity.

II

From the Hitler Youth, where his qualifications for Himmler's "knightly order" are carefully established, the youngster is first taken over as an "applicant," becoming a "novice" on the Party Day of the year in which he becomes eighteen. Having passed through his labor and military service, the young SS man, still a "novice," has to undergo a course of special schooling in the fundamental ideas of the SS, after which, around the age of twenty-one, he is finally admitted as a full SS man. In evidence of this he is given his SS dagger as the outward sign of his readiness to defend his honor in duel according to the SS regulations. After having reached his thirty-fifth year he may apply to be transferred to the SS Reserve and at the age of forty-five to the SS *Stammabteilung* or SS Basic Section.

To the end of his life, however, he remains a member of the SS *Sippe* or Kinship-community and subject to its rules and law-courts. Every year he has to prove his physical efficiency by passing a sports test. If he wishes to marry, his bride must pass similar racial and eugenic tests. She, too, has to undergo special courses in SS ideology, in biology and infant care in order to be received into the blood-

brotherhood, of which R. Walther Darré, Himmler's friend and successor as the agrarian expert of the party, keeps the genealogical register—a huge stud-book.

In thus building up his new aristocracy Himmler has by no means endeavored to exclude the old aristocrats. On the contrary, he has gone out of his way to gather them into his fold. The sons of the Junkers and of the old military families have found the SS a safer way to a career than the ranks of the officers' corps and have given him some of his most efficient and most ruthless lieutenants, such as his chief ADC von Hadeln. Nor has the higher nobility remained behind. Prince Dohna-Sehlobitten, heir of one of East Prussia's most famous families—and incidentally one of its most indebted estates—was proud to serve Himmler as his personal chauffeur, while the most prominent SS officer in occupied France is perhaps Prince Josias of Waldeck-Pyrmont, scion of one of the oldest princely houses in Germany. For the future, however, the leaders of the SS are to come mainly from the two special schools, the *Junkerschulen* at Toelz and Brunswick, set up especially for that purpose.

Since the outbreak of the war these regulations have been considerably modified in accordance with the changed conditions, as well as with the greatly expanded ambitions and requirements of the SS. As boys have been drafted from the schools into AA and ARP work at the age of fif-

teen or sixteen, the SS has started a systematic campaign to "catch them young," easily cutting out the Wehrmacht. In the same way age limits and other conditions have been considerably relaxed in recruiting the special SS front troops established at the beginning of the war, the *Waffen-SS* or *SS-in-Arms*.

The rise of this *Waffen-SS* is one of the most significant, and sinister, internal developments in Germany during the war. In the Polish campaign only the few permanently armed SS units such as Hitler's bodyguard (*Leibstandarte*) participated. In the following winter, however, SS men were withdrawn from their army units and concentrated in special SS divisions. In the Russian campaign they have been used as shocktroops and suffered very severe losses, but have been reconstituted again and again. Today they form a score or more of divisions of all types: Panzer, Panzer-Grenadiers, Cavalry, Mountain Troops. These *Waffen-SS* units have their separate military administration, their own recruiting service, music school, propaganda organizations, even the nucleus of a general staff.

For military purposes they are temporarily placed at the disposal of the military commanders, but their fundamental independence has been especially recognized and since the spring of 1942 they have been formally established as a fourth branch of the German fighting forces equal to the Army, Navy and Air Force.

The claim of the *Waffen-SS* to constitute the cream of the armed forces is founded partly upon the selection and training of their personnel, partly upon their superior equipment. In contrast to the Army, which is dependent upon conscription, the *Waffen-SS* has been until quite recently entirely based upon voluntary recruitment. Such recruitment has been carried on not only among the youngsters coming militarily of age, but to an ever increasing degree among the enlisted personnel of the Army itself. Able to offer more exciting and attractive service — and more important, better prospects for advancement, both during the war and after it, than the Army — the *Waffen-SS* has tended to drain the latter to a large extent of its more adventurous and reckless elements.

Discipline here, as everywhere in the SS, is deliberately stiff; nowhere has goose-stepping been developed to such extremes as in Hitler's bodyguard. But the training, while ruthless, is more unconventional and includes, in particular, street fighting tactics.

Compared with the ordinary German divisions the SS units are smaller, more maneuverable, yet more heavily armed; moreover, a large proportion of them are composed of Panzer or Panzer Grenadier troops. But the leadership, with notable exceptions, is probably not up to Army standards of technical efficiency, although it may equal and surpass them in drive and determination.

III

The rise of the *Waffen-SS* to the rôle of élite units has caused them to overshadow not only the Army but the other military pillar of the Party, Goering's Luftwaffe. Until the outbreak of the war the Luftwaffe had been the main support of the Party leaders in their permanent subterranean struggle with the generals. Since 1935 its junior officers as well as its rank and file have been exclusively selected from Nazi organizations, especially the N. S. Flying Corps, imbuing the Air Force with a fanatical devotion to the Nazi cause that made it a blind instrument in the hands of Goering and Hitler. But since the Luftwaffe's failure to live up to expectations in the battle of Britain, the *Waffen-SS* has definitely begun to take its place in Hitler's favor.

A clear indication of this can be seen in the allotment of the *Ritterkreuz*, the knight's insignia of the Iron Cross, the highest decoration awarded by the Third Reich in the present conflict. In 1940 the Luftwaffe had the lion's share, Goering handing it out to his boys at the rate of some forty per month. Today he has only one-fourth that number available and these, moreover, have to be shared between the Flying Personnel proper, the Flak Artillery and the Observer Corps. The overwhelming majority of these decorations go to Army and, to an increasing degree, SS officers.

With the SS on the home front and the *Waffen-SS* on the fighting front,

Himmler is today in control of nearly all key positions. As Minister of the Interior he is in charge of the entire internal administration, the key ministries of which have long since been honeycombed by his agents. (One of the little known reasons for Schacht's resignation was his recognition that he could no longer control his own staff in the Ministry of Economics.) As head of ARP, he controls the entire machinery not only for Air Defense, but for the distribution of the steadily growing number of bombed-out or evacuated people. As head of the police he commands not only the Gestapo (a pure SS organization), but also the Security Police and the ordinary Police Force, both of which are completely dominated by the SS. Beyond all this, his latest order, making all men of military age not in the fighting forces liable to auxiliary police service, has extended his direct power practically over the entire male population, as well as created the instrument for the control of the masses of foreign labor slaves inside Germany.

Similarly, within the Armed Services Himmler has in the *Waffen-SS*, an organization equally apt to act as shock troops, as a stiffening for forces no longer reliable, as for a controlling force for the populations of the enslaved territories. Moreover, although his rise has taken place in defiance of the traditional military circles, he is not without friends in the high military hierarchy. General Zeitzler, former head of the General Staff, is

generally regarded as owing his spectacular career to his connection with Himmler; and Marshal Rommel also is frequently mentioned as a Himmler man. Among the commanders of the Luftwaffe the youngest Field Marshal, Wolfgang von Richthofen, the victor of Crete, is known as his supporter and as the foremost aspirant to the rôle of commander of the SS Air Forces, which Himmler has struggled so hard during the past year to establish.

Thus outwardly his power and his grip upon the entire German machine are tremendous. The question remains, will the instrument, which he has been at such pains to forge, remain true in a supreme crisis? At the end of every meeting the SS winds up with the song:

If all the World forsake Thee,
We shall be faithful still!

Foreign opinion has tended on the whole to endorse this idea unquestioningly. Certainly the SS is too deeply tied up with Hitler to be able to pass over to any other master, even if the majority were not so deeply implicated personally in the crimes of the régime. Constant indoctrination has undoubtedly made completely unreasoning fanatics of many of the more honest elements among them.

The Russians generally have found it unprofitable to make SS men prisoners, as they proved immune to all attempts to win them over in captivity. On the other hand, we find no less a person than an authentic

general of the *Waffen-SS* among the leaders of the Free German Committee in Moscow. The chances are that in a supreme crisis we would probably find the SS breaking up within itself, the comparatively honest fanatics preferring to fight to the bitter end while an undetermined number of out-and-out crooks seek the nearest rat hole.

Above all, and here the limitations of that glib phrase, "Hitler's last line of defense," become apparent, even if the SS should prove reliable to the end, it is, with a total strength

of between 600,000 and 700,000 men, by itself not strong enough to attempt any last-ditch stand against superior military force. As long as a measure of will to fight is still left in the German home and fighting fronts, the SS can, by its ruthless determination and command of terroristic methods, stiffen that will to go on even in the face of ever increasing disaster. Once that will has radically collapsed, however, the SS is too weak to offer effective resistance and would be left only with a choice between suicide and unconditional surrender.



"Keep it, my dear man . . .
you'll sure need it."

► *A friend of labor points to
the handwriting on the wall.*

WHY UNIONS MUST BE REGULATED

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

At the annual meeting of the American Civil Liberties Union on Lincoln's Birthday, 1944, James B. Carey, Secretary of the CIO, astounded a round-table group by declaring that labor faced government regulation and *should* be regulated. At about the same time, George Q. Lynch, president of an international union of the AF of L, the Pattern Makers' League, an organization of "craft aristocrats," founded in 1887 and comprising only about 13,000 members, voiced the same sentiments. Speaking to the Harvard School of Business Administration, Mr. Lynch said:

Unless the responsible unions actively support reasonable legal union regulations in the public interest, then all unions will feel the wrath of public reaction, and also without reference to merits. . . . My sole interest is to urge a basis of accommodation between free industry and free employees that will rid organized labor of usurped irresponsible leadership and render innocuous the class hatred appeals of communists.

He even proposed a new agency in the Department of Labor to deal with unfair practices in unions.

Both these statements were amaz-

ing breaks in the normal attitude of labor leaders, which has been one of vehement opposition to any regulation of the unions whatsoever, and to all proposals of government control. It means that two leaders had the courage to say openly what most of the honest labor men must know and feel: that legislative action is inevitable and inexorable, and would have come had there been no war and no war-time strikes.

In 1943 six states — Arkansas, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Texas and South Dakota — passed laws restricting the activities of labor unions or imposing conditions upon them, and there are ample signs that other states may follow suit. There was the Smith-Connally law, passed by Congress over the President's veto, forbidding strikes in time of war — a law that was not enforced as it might have been technically in the dispute between John L. Lewis and the Administration over the increase in the miners' pay. Next came the present tax law, again passed over the President's veto, which contains a provision that labor unions must file financial statements

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accounting for their business activities. All of these indicate the legislative temper in and out of Washington, and that temper reflects merely the public feeling throughout the country.

He who runs must know that, whether justly or otherwise, labor is facing a day of reckoning. Nothing that it can do can prevent the coming of that showdown.

The mounting bitterness against labor, and especially against the labor leaders, has not been due solely to the machinations of employers. Nor is it due to Westbrook Pegler's startling revelations of labor union tyranny, corruption and criminality, and the readiness of prominent labor leaders to endure these conditions without moving emphatically against them. Nor is it due to incipient fascism, nor to resentment at the power and influence of the labor bloc upon Congress.

All of these have played their part in forming a hostile public opinion. But far more potent is the growing antagonism to labor and its organizations among great groups in the nation which are less directly involved with labor issues. There are the farmers, for example. Their hostility is due to their belief that labor is an arrogant, favored class, far better off than they themselves — as is usually true — and constantly seeking to aggrandize itself. In the villages and small towns there is an amazing bitterness which has impressed me more than any of the other anti-union manifestations. It is to be found in the lower

middle class, among shopkeepers and small businessmen, independent mechanics and unorganized workers.

The public increasingly resents union methods, manners, and corruption; the high prices it has to pay for necessary labor; the restrictions upon entrance into the union; the uncalled-for union requirements after admission and the heavy entrance fees imposed, as well as the closed unions and the efforts to monopolize certain occupations. It resents, when it is conscious of it, the unions' drawing color, sex, racial and religious lines. It does not approve of unions' contributing \$500,000 to a Presidential campaign fund and thinks that unions should not be allowed to give money to the political parties save with the full knowledge and consent of the membership. Of course, it disapproves violation of personal rights within the union and the gag rules that bar criticisms of the officials in power. It cannot understand how the membership stands for the arbitrary dictatorial methods by which the leaders carry on. The public resents these things not merely because they suffer by them, but because they think them un-American and a handicap to their efforts to advance their own fortunes.

The American people, in my judgment, believe that admission to all trades should be open to every aspiring person without having to pay large sums to labor leaders who do not often account for their expenditures. They have an ingrained and bitter dislike of monopoly, whether of agri-

cultural implements or of labor; this feeling has grown under the pressure of the war and the increasing difficulty in obtaining necessary household services. This antagonism is the more dangerous because it is not limited to any class but permeates whole communities. That this antagonism has been intensified by the war strikes, or near-strikes, goes without saying, and here, as well as in employer circles, one finds sharp criticism of President Roosevelt on the ground that he has put up with insolence and arrogance on the part of labor leaders, and that he has played politics instead of dominating the situation to further the war effort. It is precisely this opposition in smaller communities which impresses Congressmen most when they return to their constituencies.

II

The public opposition has had a slow growth but a steady one. It alone has made the true friends of the labor movement recognize that, since almost everything else in American life was regulated, unions were bound to be. They understand that the only question at issue is how far regulation should go — whether all strikes should be forbidden at all times (as some extremists have suggested), whether it should interfere in the internal affairs of labor organizations or touch only their relationship with employers.

The worst aspect of it all has been, to my mind, that millions of our soldiers will return from overseas with dis-

torted ideas of what has actually happened in the field of labor during their absence, and without adequate realization of the magnificent work done by the great mass of our workers, or the knowledge that in England, which has a compulsory labor law, there have been as many strikes as in this country, including a large-scale miners' strike. Our soldiers will land with an intense hostility. This is well illustrated by a letter from a flier in the Pacific, Lt. Edwards Park, quoted by the *Atlantic Monthly*. Speaking of the radio news of the coal miners' strike, he wrote at the time:

That sort of thing makes us feel sick and futile. The evening was spoiled for all of us. Morale is a hard thing to define, but I think I know what it feels like to lose it. You hear about a half a million men stopping work because their leader wants to force the hands of his government and thus increase his own power. (Or have we got it wrong out here?) Anyway, you suddenly say, "What the hell is the use?" and you don't much care whether you win your particular scrap or not for those people.

I believe they did "have it wrong" out there — like millions at home. They could not know all the facts. Soldiers in the Pacific, in Africa, could certainly not be expected to know that Mrs. Roosevelt and some of the strongest anti-labor commentators, and persons in high Washington positions, freely admitted that there was a great deal of right on the miners' side; whether his leadership was wise or unwise, no one could possibly deny Lewis's bravery, or his unshakable

loyalty to his men. So the soldiers will return with their hearts full of rage and in most cases a desire to take it out on the labor unions whenever they get a chance.

The fact is, therefore, that the unions will be extremely lucky if they do not lose many of the gains they have won or received at Mr. Roosevelt's hands. I believe that the wise leaders, like Mr. Carey and Mr. Lynch, should take the lead in bringing about satisfactory laws, as the most effective way of heading off legislation of a character to harm the whole movement and to cause great domestic disunity. Their immediate task is to decide upon the character of the legal regulation. In this they should be able to get considerable help from a study of the problem made by a committee of pro-labor men for the American Civil Liberties Union.

That committee warned against regulation of the inner affairs of unions, because it would weaken their independence. It pointed out that regulation, if left to the States, would involve conformity to forty-eight separate and probably differing standards. "A particular measure of control," it declared, "can be justified only by a particular evil, so great in its effect on the public that legislative intervention becomes necessary." In its view the only legal measures justified at present are these:

(1) Punishing the exclusion from membership of any qualified persons on account of race, religion, sex, national origin or political affiliation.

(2) Providing for hearing by an administrative agency on suspensions or expulsions, with review by an appellate court.
(3) Similarly providing for the review of the application of democratic rights under union constitutions.

Because this committee was restricted in its inquiry into the matter of civil liberties, it necessarily left untouched the internal abuses within the unions which have bulked far larger in the public eye than race discriminations, suspensions and expulsions, or the maintenance of constitutional rights within the unions, such as the restrictions upon employment and the ruthless exploitation of their own members by the crooked leaders and their sycophants and heelers within the unions. But it is unlikely that a committee as friendly to the labor movement would have recommended other regulatory action had its scope been unlimited.

For the consensus among most friends of labor is that matters of ethics, official responsibility, pecuniary honesty and financial accountability within the unions should be left to the organizations themselves. Many hold that if unions are compelled to file their political contributions, to publish at fixed times full financial accounting, and to hold elections of officials annually or biennially, employers' associations and benevolent and fraternal societies should also be thus governmentally regulated. They object to the singling out of labor for special control, and they are not moved by the powerful argument that what goes on in labor unions is

more deeply affected with the public interest.

That brings us at once to the question whether a labor organization can reform itself from within or not, whether the hope must not lie in extra-union activities to bring about a purging of the union rolls of the rascals. I have heard a pro-labor spokesman say that the corrupt leaders are only a handful in comparison with the total. Those who know my record as a protagonist of unions, will not accuse me of prejudice or hostility to them when I say that I do not share this view. I do not believe for one moment that Mr. Pegler has revealed all the rottenness, all the conscienceless exploitation of the working men by some who have obtained authority within the unions. I believe that the census is not yet complete of the leaders who are paying themselves large salaries and treating themselves to luxuries out of the moneys contributed by the men in the unions for their joint welfare, or of those who are actually robbing their membership.

III

Today the union worker is frequently at the mercy of corrupt, tyrannical, bureaucratic union officials, who not only line their pockets but also dominate the lives of individual members, dictate their rights and mulct them as they see fit. The worker himself therefore needs regulation of unions and millions of them will welcome it; the only question is how to do it in such a

way as not to constitute government control. It will not be sufficient merely to protect the public. Labor should no more be plundered than the employers who are compelled to put on unneeded and often useless employees.

How to reform an established organization is a question as old as the hills. It confronts every reformer from the very beginning of his career. As one who has broken a good many lances in the reform field, I have long had my doubts, notably in the realm of politics, whether it was possible partly or wholly to alter an organization for the better from the inside. For generations we were told that we must let Tammany alone, that it would purge itself. Whether the church can be reformed from within has been the subject of debate for centuries. Personally I believe that the best hope of a cleaning up of the unions lies in pitiless publicity. For instance, granting the obvious criticisms that can be made of the one-sidedness of Mr. Pegler's point of view, I still believe that he has rendered tremendous service to the cause of union labor, and done it with a courage and a pertinacity compelling admiration.

Mr. Pegler was right when he pointed out that under the present law any employer "whether he is engaged in war work or private industry, must meet and negotiate with the agent of his employes, no matter how that agent acquired his authority and regardless of his character. He may be a known criminal, he may have muscled his way into power, but Con-

gress, itself, has said that the employer must negotiate with him." It is obvious that legislative reconsideration is warranted here, and I am not of the belief that Congress has the right to make men join unions against their will.

Nor do I believe in the conscription of labor as proposed by the Austen-Wadsworth bill. Mr. Pegler is also right when he declares that under this latter proposal "the entire civilian population could be placed in involuntary servitude at arbitrary wages and most driven into these unions under these lawless conditions to atone for President Roosevelt's politics. . . ." The proposed labor conscription law would take us a long step toward the fascist concept of compulsory labor.

As for legislation to control the internal organization of unions, it would be extremely difficult to draft laws which would achieve the desired end. For example, a legal requirement that there should be annual meetings would not mean that thereby those meetings would become honest, or that a minority within the union would have the chance to put up an opposition slate. The best hope, I repeat, is within the unions themselves. But it is a cause for profound discouragement that the heads of the AF of L, for example, not only consort with crooks within their leadership, but have never yet taken any striking action to drive unworthy men out of their ranks. Nothing would so tend to raise the standing of the unions in the

sight of all honest Americans as dramatic and drastic proof of the desire of the present labor leadership in either camp to drive the rascals out.

When it comes to the efforts to limit trades, control the number of apprentices and otherwise to check economic evolution, that is in keeping with the historic policy of unions — the mistaken policy of trying to restrict the numbers of workers to prevent "overcrowding." Louis D. Brandeis, the great protagonist of labor, told the exact truth when he said in 1905 that: "A limitation on the production of the individual is pure waste. The greatest source of waste is misdirected human effort." Nine years later he said: "There never has been a greater fallacy than that if one does more work he takes work away from someone else. . . . It is an essential condition of the advance of trade unionism that the unions shall renounce violence and the restriction on output." Needless jobs will unquestionably be one of the points of attack if there should be a concerted drive against the unions when the war is over.

Any proposals for legislative control will surely be denounced by all those who are still for labor right or wrong, who think, as did Heywood Broun, that it is above and beyond the law and that in every case it must go unwhipped of justice because of the sacredness of the cause. Fortunately, the number of those in whose eyes labor cannot sin is rapidly decreasing. There was a long, bitter period when

the odds against labor were staggering. Capital, the courts, the crooked politicians, a biased or worse press, injunctions unending and employer violence made labor and many of its friends feel that it had to overcome force by force—never an ethically defensible doctrine. Today labor is a great and powerful force which will lose ground every time it acts on the theory that two wrongs make a right. It has taken great strides, which is all the more reason why it should obey the laws, and labor itself should be the first to turn against its racketeers, strong-arm men, and criminals.

There remains a new development which contains within it the possibility of very serious trouble. I refer to political action by the labor unions. Of course labor has the right to organize a political party if it so desires. It can imitate the British workers and establish a party which might conceivably take over the Government of the United States. But if, as has been proposed in New York State in connection with the American Labor Party, members of unions should be forced, regardless of their personal politics, to support the Labor Party and to contribute to its finances, we should obviously have a dictatorship which could not for a moment be tolerated.

This plan, which is attributed to the erstwhile liberal labor leader, Sidney Hillman, seems to call for proportional representation of each union within the party, based upon its per capita dues payments to the political

organization. Should this policy be adopted the leadership and control would be vested in those unions making the strongest payments to the party. Moreover, this would admit communist-controlled unions, many of them belonging to the CIO, which would probably lead to further communist control of the American Labor Party. This theory gains much credence from the fact that this same proposal was advanced in 1942 by the communist magazine, the *New Masses*. Even if that danger were not evident, the Hillman proposal would deprive non-union members of the party, liberals and unattached voters, and workers who did not belong to unions, of any voice in the party management. It is well that this scandalous proposal has been scotched.

The growing labor dissatisfaction with Franklin Roosevelt and opposition to his fourth term proposal, even within the ranks of the CIO, will undoubtedly make many union workers think of independent political action. There is little chance, however, because of the already cited hostility of the farmers to labor, of the development of any farmer-labor party in the West. Probably we shall see the same familiar picture of the labor leaders bargaining at the conventions in the good old style for the best platform planks they can get.

But this time their leaders will be primarily concerned with trying to get the party heads to promise not to advocate violent legislative action against the unions. They will find

themselves up against stronger opposition than ever before, and they must know by this time that nothing they can do when the nominations are made, or at the polls, will prevent anti-union legislation. The unions are

going to be regulated. They will be wise, indeed, I repeat, if they themselves present programs that will meet the public demand, end some of the hostility and temper the anger of the misinformed men overseas.



TRANSMIGRATION

BY WILBERT SNOW

WHEN the west wind leaps in the birch tree's top
Here by the ocean, sways the boughs,
And shivers the dew till the tiniest drop
Is a dazzle of light on a gay carouse, —

I dream myself into a white birch tree,
Swayed by the west wind, cheered by the sun,
Wishing a veery would light in me
And sing as he sings when the day is done.

Whenever this impulse is running strong,
I feel that one of the cycles I knew
I knew as a birch tree: long and long
I waited the time till the west wind blew

And rippled my leaves as these today
Are stirred by the wind; I called on the beams
Of the sun to cover me over with spray,
And scatter the shadows as these fair gleams

Are driving them now. And when far, far,
The birch tree cycle again I try,
I pray that the same bright evening star,
And the birch-leaf green of the evening sky

Will favor me there without one feather
Of change from the days on earth when we,
Fair birch, stood here and mused together
On these ruby cliffs by this emerald sea.

► *Famous and much discussed,
she remains an enigma.*

THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR

BY HELEN WORDEN

WALLIS WARFIELD SIMPSON, Duchess of Windsor, nearing her forty-eighth year, and in the ninth year of her reign over David, today is parked in Nassau, the Bahamas. Is she frustrated in her passionate ambition? Does she grasp for scraps of her dreams?

More has been written and said about her than any other living woman. She has been praised, damned, taken apart by hundreds of millions. She has made history. She takes her place with Nell Gwynn, Anne Boleyn, Maria Fitzherbert, Du Barry, Montez and Lupescu, all of whom shared thrones and upset them, or at least badly shook them. But we really don't know as much about the Duchess as we wish we did.

As a reporter I have had the opportunity to observe her since 1936, when her friendship with the future Edward VIII, King of England, Emperor of India, began. I saw her in England, followed her through France to Cannes when the King abdicated, and since their marriage, have talked

with her on her recent visits to this country. She has never ceased to fascinate me.

What does she look like today? She appears more determined, more aloof, more immovable and more inscrutable than she did in 1936. Her extraordinary blue eyes are just as keen and her figure just as trim, but her face has taken on harsher lines, lines born of bitter experience, of attack and of defense. Her jaw, if anything, is squarer because of decisions which have been hers, not David's. Her smile is more downward and her eyebrows more satirical in their upward rise. However, there is still humor in her face; humor in the tiny wrinkles around her eyes and in the quirk of her mouth.

She is thinner. The steaming heat of the Bahamas has had its effect. In London, she tipped the scales at 110. In Nassau, she weighs ninety-seven pounds. Her most recent measurements, taken by her New York dress-makers, are 34" bust, 25" waist and 34" hips. She is tiny, a size twelve

HELEN WORDEN was born in Colorado but at the age of three was taken to New York, where she has made her permanent home ever since. She studied art in Paris, for 3 while was on the editorial staff of the old New York World, and since 1931 has been on the staff of the New York World-Telegram, where she has been society editor and feature writer. New York City is one of her hobbies. She has written four books about it.

figure and not much over five feet tall. Her hair is still a dark, natural brown. Although bobbed, it is combed in the quaint, almost prim, Victorian style she went in for when she was Mrs. Ernest Simpson. It is good, strong hair, firm enough to stand the tight permanent Roger Vergnes, an East 57th Street French hair-dresser, gives it every time she comes to New York. Tight permanents last longer; she doesn't get to New York often. When she first went to Nassau in 1940, she imported a hair-dresser from New York, but this precipitated such a row among the local people that she had to ship him back.

She still gives the impression of terrific neatness, not a hair out of place, not a line awry. Her nose never shines. Her slip never shows. She looks like a period room done by a furniture house, a room in which nobody lives comfortably. Figuratively, there are no ashes on her rugs, no papers lying around, no blinds askew.

Her voice is firm, rounded, not unpleasant. She speaks with a clipped British accent — there is very little of the South left in it. She often illustrates a point with a gesture that is angular but interesting. Any artist sketching her would draw her in angles rather than curves.

To give a real picture of the Duchess I must describe her clothes. In them — it sounds harsh, but it's true — a large part of her personality resides. At least, she spares no effort to put it there. She has lost none of her flair for style. It has become her

prime passion. She is proud to be called the best dressed woman in the world. It is a profession with her. She enjoys setting the style. She has launched many fashions. The vogue for high-necked evening gowns may be traced directly to her. She wears them because of her flat-chested and boyish figure.

In Paris, she always went to the first showings of the big dressmaking houses and she knew the best bag, glove, shoe and hat designers. In Nassau, she keeps up by mail. Valentina, Hattie Carnegie and Sophie Gimbel, of Saks-Fifth-Ave., send her sketches and samples of new materials. The dressmakers she patronizes are frank to admit that she usually knows more than they about the fashions.

She is as meticulous about the details of her clothes as she is about her grooming. Before she okays any of the fashion sketches sent her she changes details here and there. Her dressmakers keep dummies of her figure. After the clothes are cut and shaped, she likes to have a special fitter take them to Nassau for the final work.

Mainbocher balked at this. He balked again when she was in New York on her last visit. She asked him to send a saleswoman and a fitter to her hotel because she didn't want to be noticed going through his crowded salon. He said no. In a huff, she waltzed across to Valentina, an exotic Russian designer who runs up Dali-esque little numbers for opera stars.

But before she went back to Nassau she and Mainbocher patched up their tiff and she showed her good will by ordering fourteen outfits from him. She also ordered six costumes from Valentina, five suits from Saks-Fifth-Ave. and a dozen or more sports things from Hattie Carnegie. She bought between twenty and thirty hats, chiefly from Miss Jessica of Bergdorf-Goodman, Walter Florell and Braagaard, the latest rave in men milliners.

Her purchases, since she moved to Nassau, have averaged a hundred dresses a year. Most of them cost about \$250 apiece, though many ran much higher. Mainbocher's black afternoon dresses are now \$500. I saw a white crepe all-over pearl and crystal embroidered sheath evening gown which he designed for her that cost \$750.

All of her lingerie is hand-made. She hunts the kind of little out-of-the-way shops which delight most women. She discovered such a one on West 57th Street run by a French refugee, and asked the woman, over the phone, to bring her collection to the Waldorf. The woman refused. A customer, hearing the conversation remarked, "I should think you'd find it a great honor to serve the Duchess." "Madame," was the reply, "it is an honor I cannot afford."

Wartime restrictions on the transfer of money from an English possession have complicated her buying to some extent but I hear (no one will officially confirm or deny this) that the State

Department foots the Windsors' bills on a lend-lease arrangement. For example, the Duchess' \$750 evening gown might be charged against a U. S. Navy man's board and keep in Nassau.

II

Her taste in hats, shoes and gloves never changes. She still wears the beanie type of hat, long-vamped pumps and generous-sized pull-on gloves. She likes to reveal her best features, her eyes and forehead, and cover up her worst, her feet and hands.

Frosty blue sapphires are still her favorite jewels. They match her eyes. But she also has complete sets of rubies, emeralds, diamonds, topaz, onyx and turquoise — one for each day of the week. She never wears the same set twice in succession. You sometimes see her decked out in pearls, but never in a full set because, she says, she isn't the pearl type. There is one piece, a charm bracelet, which she never takes off. The Duke gave it to her. Each jewelled charm carries a message from him — "I will always love you" — "To my Darling" — "My Sweetheart," and so on. Precious gem connoisseurs who have appraised her collection tell me that if she ever gets hard up, she could hock it any time for more than a million dollars.

Her collection of furs is next to her jewels in value. She owns full-length ermine, sable, mink and silver fox

coats; short ermine, sable, mink and silver fox jackets, and countless neck-pieces and capes. Many of her coats are fur-lined. But clothes go out of style more quickly than jewels and furs. The Duchess has often said she didn't think a woman in her position should wear a dress more than once. What does she do with her old clothes? In Paris, I heard the Duchess gave her hand-me-downs to her French maid who developed quite a side-line business from the overflow. What she does with them in Nassau, or where she wears them all, puzzles many. Here, the gossips say, she ships her back numbers to a couple of Montague relatives who have married Main Line boys in Philadelphia.

The care of such a wardrobe is a full-time job. The cleaning and pressing are, of course, done by her maid, but the Duchess herself tends to the re-styling and repairs of the more valuable jewels and furs.

What are the results of all this dressing? I asked a photographer who was assigned to her. His eyes became wary. "Well . . . she has good-looking legs."

Certainly much of the self-confidence and poise she displays stem from her perfection in grooming. The keenest sensitiveness I have ever known her to display was over criticism of her lavish expenditure on appearance.

When comments began to fill the press on her seemingly limitless shopping in New York, her advisers became disturbed. This was no way to win the American public, they told

her. Hundreds of letters were written in protest against the reported extravagance. Through friends, she let it be known that her jewels were "only borrowed." The basis in fact for this was that Van Cleef and Arpels, with whom she was said to have spent \$285,000, showed their gratitude by lending her a complete set of jewels for each of her new costumes. At the very time she was busily denying the purchase of thirty-four hats she was investing over a quarter of a million in more jewels.

Upon another occasion, when newspapers published a report that she had undergone a face-lifting operation in Miami, she became furious and insisted on denials. She said she had just visited the dentist. Only she and the doctor mentioned as having been involved, really know the truth. The other day the story bobbed up again in print. It was said the same operation had been performed on Lupescu. Once more the Duchess issued an official denial.

When she and the Duke planned to tour America with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bedoux, a famous American advertising agency was put in charge of public relations. The Duchess was advised to travel as simply as possible, with little luggage, no display, no show. There was supreme scorn in her voice as she faced the man who dared suggest this. "You are out of your mind," she stormed. "Don't you think I know my people?" But criticism notwithstanding, when she went to Newport last summer for the

week-end, she took thirty-one trunks. She still thinks her public wants display.

However she may spend money on adornment, she is thrifty in general expenses. At the end of her first New York visit as the Duchess of Windsor, she called in the detectives who had been assigned to guard the royal suite which she and the Duke occupied at the Waldorf.

"I have a little memento for you," she told them. Very seriously, she distributed eleven hotel postcards, each autographed by the Duke and herself.

She has tried desperately to make social progress here but with indifferent success. Her circle is still the razzle-dazzle crowd which basked on the Riviera in happier days. Her greatest triumph was as the guest of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt in Newport. This, say friends, was maneuvered through the Duchess' closest friend, Mrs. Mae Watson Frelinghuysen Douglas, of Newport. At first Mrs. Vanderbilt was disturbed by the idea. She was torn between loyalty to Queen Mary and loyalty to the Duke. Finally she gave in, saying to a friend:

"I knew him at the zenith of his glory. There is no reason why I should shun him now."

The State Department, at various times, has arranged stiffly formal parties for the couple. Thomas Watson, of International Business Machines, entertained them at its instigation. Alfred Sloan, of General Motors, also gave a dinner for them. The

Duchess wore her famous 50-ct. diamond. Sloan showed films of what General Motors was doing to help win the war.

III

At Nassau, with people doing all they can to help the Allies, the activities of the Duchess have been directed into new channels. She has taken more of a place in the community life of the colonial capital's 25,000 inhabitants. These people are no longer impressed by them as romantic lovers. They begin to think of her and the Duke as conscientious administrators.

It was considered a fine gesture when she paid for the erection of two child welfare clinics, one at each end of the island. She provided public nurses with automobiles and bicycles. She attends the clinics personally. She was elected president of the Nassau Garden Club and the Dundas Center, a welfare group. The submarine warfare has made Nassau a refuge for survivors. She has been quick in her concern for them, making a point of going herself to greet and talk to each group.

But it is common knowledge that she doesn't like the Bahamas. It's the climate and not the people. She complains about the sand flies and the heat. When summer comes she takes to the air-conditioned portion of Government House and stays there.

For a time, after the abdication, it was her dream that the Duke would be appointed Viceroy of India, a

court of ceremony second only to Buckingham Palace, but the disturbed political situation has made this impossible. She hoped the Duke could be Great Britain's ambassador to the United States but again politics got in the way. Since she has been disappointed in her first and second choices she has said she would be content to settle down on a Long Island or Connecticut country gentleman's estate. There have been rumors and denials about a place in Greenwich, Connecticut, which she and the Duke have been credited with leasing for this summer. The gossip got under way last winter, when it was reported they had flitted in and out of Kent House, the fashionable residential hotel of Greenwich, one week-end.

The official British turned against her long before the lower classes. When I crossed on the Queen Mary in 1936 to see her (she was then Mrs. Simpson) in London, I went from the boat deck to the hold asking every English seaman what he thought of her.

"H'if h'our King wants Mrs. Simpson, h'it's okay with h'us," they said. "She can't be such a bad 'un, even though she did 'ave several 'usbands."

Now, those from England to whom I talk, bring the news that the lower classes have grown superstitious about her, that they call her the hoodoo. Many of them feel England's hard luck started when their King abdicated for love of her. They say that if she and the Duke had retired to his

ranch in Canada and if she had forgotten about clothes and jewels and led the simple life for love of him, they would have said, "Three cheers! This is the real thing. Let's give her a hand." For at heart, the British are very romantic, and adore endings like that to their love stories. But when she kept on buying more clothes and more jewels and travelling around with great quantities of luggage, they grew indignant. One Englishman, who knows his people, said the stoning of her house on Regent's Park, at the time of the King's abdication, would be as nothing to the reception she would get today.

She has frequently shown anti-British sentiment, a natural reaction to her treatment at the hands of British statesmen. It was for this reason, her friends feel, that she became friendly with Charles Bedoux and von Ribbentrop. An autographed photograph of von Ribbentrop once hung over her toilet table in Nassau, according to a friend who visited her last winter. When this friend commented on the picture, the Duchess said she had known and liked von Ribbentrop before the war. The story was told, indeed, to illustrate her loyalty to friends.

Her influence with the Duke has grown with the years. She devotes herself unsparingly to him. She has taken up golf in order to be with him at his play. They are fond of swimming together, but in old-fashioned bathing suits without line. She supervises his wardrobe. He is conservative

and looks to her for decisions. She chooses all of the wines at their dinner parties, a light Chablis with the fish, Burgundy with red meats and champagne for the desserts.

What have her experiences done to her character? She was a Southern belle, with the typical outlook of the Southern belle who collects scalps. It is unlikely that she realized how far the collecting would go. It was one husband at a time — Spencer, Simpson, Windsor. Ambition grew with success. The big decision, the turning point of her life, was her refusal to get out of the way until after Edward was crowned King of England. Had she waited until the issue could blow over, Edward might have discovered her again, without risking his crown. She chose instead to undertake a stand-up fight with public opinion, and lost. All of this has made her more diplomatic, more circumspect than she used to be; less of a friend to women (who now fear her more than she fears them); and a good deal of a philosopher. After her melodramatic experience in impatience, she has learned to wait.

Those close to the Duchess of Windsor are convinced that at some future date she will again force her star to the ascendancy. Perhaps she was seeking a clue to that future when she submitted to the ministrations of an English palmist, a pupil of the late Louis Hamon, better known

as Professor Cheiro. This woman told her that if she ever had to work, she should turn to interior decorating or dress designing. She described her as ambitious, a bad enemy and a good friend. She added that she was more masculine than feminine in her decisions, kept her plans to herself and might, if necessary, be ruthless. She shook her head over a cross on the Duchess' left palm, just below the little finger, but she wouldn't tell what it meant. The Duchess learned later that the X sign on the mount of Mercury meant tragedy.

There is little likelihood that the tragedy, if it comes, will be financial. The Duke, at the time of their marriage settled \$1,500,000 on her. She also has her jewels to keep the wolf from the door.

Those who talk about her are divided into two camps. They either run her down or they are gentle with her. But in both groups there are a few who get beyond her appearance and personality and discuss her larger ambitions, her politics. These last, whether they like her or not, are really her kindest critics, since they attribute to her a rôle and influence beyond that of a clothes' horse.

No matter how much she is discussed, she remains a mysterious woman to intimates and public alike. You can know her just so much and no more. She is gay, friendly and interested up to a point; beyond that, a blank wall.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Movies Versus the Stage

SITTING several months ago over the cheese rabbits with the accomplished movie director, Mr. Rouben Mamoulian, the conversation turned, surprisingly enough, to the movies. I say surprisingly enough because Mr. Mamoulian is also an accomplished stage director who admires the theatre, so naturally I didn't expect it. "The stage," he nevertheless began, "has limitations that the pictures readily conquer. For one example, the stage could not possibly show anything like the sweep of distance, the expanse of scene, that the pictures can."

"No?" I ventured. "Did you ever happen to see or hear of a spectacle called *The Magic Doll*, produced in the theatre years before the movies were invented? It showed a child lost in an impenetrable forest. Gradually, as the child gropingly moved through it, the trees parted, closed in again, parted and closed in again endlessly, tier upon tier. The effect was of trees, trees, trees for miles. Have the pictures, with the actual outdoors at their disposal, ever surpassed that?"

"I guess no," allowed Mr. Mamoulian.

"But what about coloring?" he presently asked. "Can the stage equal the brilliant coloring made possible by

the invention of the Technicolor process?"

"It can not only equal it but, to any sensitive eye, outdo it," I replied, in a suitably modulated voice lest the rabbits be blown off the table.

"How come?" bade my guest, in his best drawing-room Armenian.

"Technicolor has never so far approached the duplication of beauty that has been offered by the dazzling Alma Tadema scenic designs painted by the Harkers, or by the sets Joseph Urban did for the old *Ziegfeld Follies*, or by the brilliant *Hamlet* setting of Gordon Craig, or by the costumes done by Miles White for *The Pirate* and *Early To Bed*, or by a score of other such stage eye-pullers."

"I think, rabbit or no rabbit, I'll turn from beer to Scotch," said Mr. Mamoulian.

"Me, too," said I, not to be outdone by my guest's drawing-room Armenian, in my best drawing-room Scotch.

"But don't you think that the brilliant coloring made possible by Technicolor has added to the artistic progress of the screen?" bade my friend.

"I have seen a Madonna on the screen who under the brilliantly ar-

tistic Technicolor process which you mention looked for all the world as if she were on her way to a Mardi Gras ball. Incidentally — and forgive me for talking so much, but I can smell a good article for *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* in all of this, or maybe it's only the rabbits — incidentally, in all the great Madonnas in history's greatest paintings have you ever seen *one* done in brilliant hues?"

"No," said Mr. Mamoulian, "and another Scotch please, double."

"But what of outdoor scenes?" my friend continued. "And where is that lazy waiter?"

"The trouble with Nature," I remarked, "is that it is sometimes too much like Nature," meanwhile fearing that I had probably cabbaged the profundity from Wilde, Whistler, or some other such fancy talker. "Technicolor, except in very rare instances, duplicates Nature so closely that it paradoxically doesn't seem real, just as the wax fruit on the mantel in a Victorian house never, because of its too-realness, seemed real."

* * *

"But," at length protested my patient friend, "you can't deny that the screen can show things in general that the stage can not!"

"For example, *mon cher*?" I inquired. "And, captain, tell that snail-paced baboon of a waiter to hurry up or we'll both die of thirst."

"For example," responded *mon cher*, "can the stage show such things as a railroad locomotive rushing headlong at the audience, or a raging

forest fire, or a realistic wreck at sea, or a fire engine galloping to a fire, or an automobile racing at top speed, or anything else like that?"

"Certainly," vouchsafed your mastermind. "The stage has shown everything you speak of, and much more. Furthermore, it has shown them with a very high degree of realism. Langdon McCormick showed a railroad locomotive rushing headlong toward the audience in *The Ninety and Nine*, a raging forest fire in the same melodrama, and a wreck at sea in *Shipwrecked*. A fire engine on the gallop was the big feature of Lee Arthur's *The Still Alarm*, and Lincoln J. Carter's *Bedford's Hope* which, incidentally, was the first play I ever reviewed, had an automobile racing at top speed that would have knocked your eye out."

"All right," allowed my still patient friend, "but aside from such purely spectacular things, what of the other virtues of the screen in being able to show details that are beyond the scope of the dramatic stage? Take, for instance, some such play as *Life With Father*. The screen, when it eventually gets there, can embroider it with countless details that the stage can't: Father in full regalia parading Fifth Avenue, the scene in the church, horses and carriages of the period, shots of the New York of the time, etc., etc."

"The very virtue of the stage is that it doesn't show such details," observed your elocutionist. "The drama wisely dismisses all such items as

irrelevant and immaterial. The screen simply clutters itself up with them by way of supplying to the audience what the film people think it can not sufficiently imagine, like a child drawing a picture of a cow and labeling it a cow for extra safe measure. The drama is a process of selection. The screen is a process of over-embellishment. More Scotch, waiter."

"Yet the screen, whether they are important or not, has, you will admit, devised various camera tricks that are most amusing and that contribute to original entertainment," pursued the amiable Mr. Mamouliau.

"Go on, please," pursued the amiable Mr. Nathan.

"Well, for a couple of pointed illustrations, the trick of making a person invisible or of making a man disappear suddenly into space, as in the *Topper* pictures."

"That was done, and most effectively, years before in, respectively, Roland West's melodrama, *The Unknown Purple*, and, years still before that, in Charles H. Yale's famous old spectacle, *The Devil's Auction*."

The eye of my friend achieved a determined gleam. "Now don't try to tell me," he said, "that the screen can't provide a much more beautiful, actual view of, say, Venice, or the Orient, or the countries of the Caribbean than the artificial scenery of the stage!"

"I fear," said I, "that once again I shall have to spoil the taste of your Scotch for you. Venice was never half so beautiful as the Venice that Erik

Charell showed on the stage of *Casanova*. The Orient was never one-third so fascinating as it was on the stage of either *Kismet* or *Mecca*. And Martinique, for example, never in actuality approached even distantly the beauty of Martinique in George Jenkins' lovely backgrounds for *Early To Bed*. Besides, anyone who has ever been to Venice, the Orient or Martinique knows they smell like hell, and you can't smell them on the stage."

"Nor on the screen!" triumphantly exclaimed my friend.

"Point one-half of one for the defence," magnanimously allowed his friend.

* * *

"In a picture about Catherine that I did some years ago with Greta Garbo," Mr. M. continued, "I think I managed something that the stage would find rather difficult. At the very end of the picture, when Catherine has lost her love and all, you may recall that I showed Garbo standing alone in the prow of a vessel. The only thing visible about her was her face and that pale face, which the lights were centered upon and the sad features of which remained immobile, wrought a spell on audiences that they could not forget."

"The stage," answered this persistent bore, "long before managed many such things quite as effectively. Who that saw the pale face of Bernhardt immobile on the pillow of Camille's death-bed at the play's end has been able to forget it? Or the pale, immobile face of Eleonora Duse, with

the lights similarly playing upon it, at the end of not only that same play but also — surely also — of *Così Sia?* Or the face of any actress who ever played Flavia in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, illuminated by the moonlight on the terrace of the castle and finding surcease in her loneliness with the cry, 'If love were all!' And, besides, do you honestly believe, my friend, that the spell you speak of in the picture you mention would have been wrought upon movie audiences if, instead of being Garbo's face they saw, it had been Edna May Oliver's or Zasu Pitts'?"

"This Scotch seems a little weak," said my friend. "I think I need some brandy."

"With soda?" I inquired.

"Without soda!" he yelled.

* * *

"But the screen in its time," Mr. M. presently resumed, "has surely produced some cinema masterpieces: *The Birth of a Nation*, *Intolerance*, *Hearts of the World*, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* in its earlier years; such pictures as *The Informer* in its more recent."

"Even movie audiences who have seen those earlier masterpieces, Griffith's *The Birth of a Nation*, *Intolerance* and *Hearts of the World*, along with the European *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, in later years have derisively laughed themselves sick at them. I know, because I was there. As for *The Informer*, it is certainly better than the great majority of pictures but there are any number of things in

it that would make theatre audiences laugh themselves sick in turn. For a single example, the women in the bordello scene all wearing hats. In addition, even at its best it amounted to little more than the obvious kind of melodrama that occupies an inferior place on the dramatic stage."

"If movie audiences now laugh at the old Griffith pictures," objected our friend, "it doesn't prove that they weren't once good, does it?"

"Did you ever," your Nuisance Value asked, "hear any theatre audiences laugh loudly at the centuries-old *Hamlet* or *Macbeth* or, let's say, a play of much the same period as Griffith's like Shaw's *Saint Joan* when it has been subsequently reshowed, even badly?"

"I may simply reply," said Mr. M., "that the screen, unlike the drama, is a young art, still in its infancy."

"The drama was also once in its infancy," I reminded, "and don't forget that while in that infancy it produced, long years before the birth of Christ, the world's still enduring masterpieces."

"But," howled my friend, "can't the screen do *anything*?"

"Yes," I was happy to reply, "there are some things it can do, and do handsomely. It can in its news-reels show remarkable happenings that the stage can't. It can show pie-throwing slapstick comedy very efficiently, often almost as efficiently as the stage. It can make women seem infinitely more attractive than they are with the aid of stand-ins' legs, hands, feet

and whatnot cleverly substituted for the women's defective own. It can show scenes of battle more fully and realistically than the stage. It can, by virtue of film cutting and other tricks, make an actor or actress of a man or woman who can't act. It can at times make a million dollars where the theatre can make only fifty thousand or less. It can bring fame, such as it is, to persons who in the theatre couldn't possibly rise higher than stage extras, one-performance playwrights, or assistant box-office treasurers. It

can transport countless people, whom the theatre would only depress, to another and to them glorious sphere. It can make clerks and shopgirls dress better. It can show an octopus on the sea's bottom winding its tentacles around Buster Crabbe, which the stage can't and certainly wouldn't if it could. It can do a lot of such things, and more."

"Waiter!" screamed Mr. Mamoulia; "if you don't throw this man out, he'll drive me crazy! And, meanwhile, half a dozen aspirins, if you please."



EACH MAN, HIS OWN PHILOSOPHER

By JOHN ROBERT QUINN

EACH man, his own philosopher,
Must sound the silence out;
Each man, a pioneer, must clear
A pathway through his doubt.

The vast significance of skies,
The meaning of a flower,
Are nothing more than each man's thoughts
Outgrown him like a tower.

The stars can only reaffirm
The fire in each man's eyes;
And when the morning spreads its wings,
Man crouches low, or flies.

JAPAN IS WINNING THE POLITICAL WAR

BY HELEN MEARS

IN the early phase of the war the Japanese caught us napping on the military front, but we are now on the offensive. On the political front, however, we are still napping. Unless we wake up soon, the shooting war may prove much tougher than it need be — and winning the peace may become impossible.

The conflict in the Far East involves a great deal more than the defeat of the Japanese. It involves our relations with all the Asiatic and South Sea Island peoples. The chief danger to us from Japan is not in her military power but in her political propaganda. We could blow up the Japanese islands and obliterate every Japanese on them and still not have won the Pacific war, because a war is not won if it leads to another or serves as prelude to a century of chaos. Already this war has cost us 165,000 casualties. By the middle of 1945 we will have spent over a trillion dollars on it. Either we buy peace, understanding and cooperation with the peoples of Asia, or we have been pouring our lives and billions into a rigged slot-machine.

This means, in essence, that we have got to begin to consider the Asiatic point of view. We have got to recognize the fact that despite the aggressive methods and intentions of Japanese military leaders, their exploits are widely accepted in Asia today as the spearhead of an Asiatic nationalist revolution.

We are committed to driving the Japanese out of all the Asiatic countries and islands occupied during this war or held as Imperial possessions and colonies before the war. Our armies will be fighting almost entirely in territory inhabited by Asiatic and South Sea peoples and most of it dominated, until the Japanese came, by European states. We take it for granted that the native peoples involved — the Burmese, Malaysians, Chinese, East Indians and so on — will welcome us as an army of liberation.

In this assumption we ignore the fact that in China the régime of Wang Ching-wei commands a considerable army of Chinese troops and has declared war on Britain and the United States. We soft-pedal the fact that the

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Indian statesman, Bose, has established a "Free India" government in Burma, has declared war on the Anglo-American allies and is raising an army. (In the developing Japanese drive into India, the Japanese radio has claimed that Bose and his Indian forces are helping the invasion.)

It is easier to dismiss such unpleasant reminders with references to Quislings and traitors than to face the deeper implications. We have heard so much about Japanese savagery and oppression that it does not occur to us to ask whether and to what extent our view is shared by Asiatic peoples. The truth is that we Americans have never had much to do with that continent and that its life is shrouded for us in romantic misinformation. In consequence we are not yet aware of the magnitude of the nationalist revolutions agitating Asia.

We are blissfully ignorant of the extent to which large and growing groups of Asiatics feel toward the European imperialist states just about the way we feel toward the Japanese. Japanese militarists have profited immensely from this situation. They will profit a great deal more if we persist in interpreting Asiatic facts from the point of view of our own emotions and interests.

II

To read our propaganda against the Japanese and compare it with Japanese propaganda addressed to the Asiatics is a disturbing experience. On

both sides the appeals and accusations are strangely similar. We have embarked on a "crusade to liberate Asia from the Japanese aggressors." The Japanese have embarked on a "crusade to liberate Asia from white aggressors." We charge the Japanese with claiming race superiority and a desire to dominate the world on the strength of it. The Japanese point out that the white peoples have always regarded other races as inferior and have already spread their race domination through the world.

We accuse the Japanese of lusting for power. The Japanese accuse the white races of having sated their lust for power, owning or controlling all but a few fringes of the habitable world. Against our charges of Japanese brutality they bring the accusations of Indian leaders and the past words of Chinese patriots attributing oppressive acts and policies to the British and other white overlords in Asia. They make much of the claim that over 30,000 Indians are in British jails for their political opinions.

The relative truth of the clashing propagandas is less important than the credence that they receive among peoples whose attitudes, in the final analysis, will be as important as our weapons and strategy in determining the over-all outcome. Since we are fighting a war against Asiatics in Asia, we can ignore the viewpoints of millions of Asiatics only at our own peril.

The Japanese have described their aggressions as a "Pan-Asia" movement

to liberate the "colored colonials." We dismiss this as hypocrisy. But we have no warrant for assuming that the "colored colonials" feel as we do about it. We think of Tokyo's "co-prosperity sphere" as merely funny. Unless, however, we want our American boys to face an indefinite period of jungle disease and jungle fighting, we must find out how such slogans sound in the ears of the peoples to whom they are addressed.

Millions of Asiatics are thoroughly convinced that, with the exception of Thailand and Japan, the southern and eastern Asiatic countries and the South Sea territories have not been independent nations. They have been owned or controlled by European powers and administered in the interests of far-off "mother countries." The masses of the people in these areas, of course, are passive, easily led and politically naïve. They are normally too close to the starvation line to be actively concerned about who rules them. But in all these regions there are growing groups of energetic, more politically conscious individuals who command an ever larger following among the masses.

To these groups the "Pan-Asia" and "co-prosperity" slogans make good sense, even when they distrust the authors. They translate such slogans into the idea that Asiatic peoples should use their own natural resources to raise their own living standards, rather than to enrich European powers; that Asiatic and South Sea peoples should be able to migrate

freely within the region without the hampering restrictions set up by absentee rulers; that they should be able to buy and sell goods without bucking the tariffs, cartels, import and export quotas and other barriers set up for the protection of industries in the "mother country."

Those who suppose that this stirring nationalism is still too unorganized to be important should look more closely at the way the Japanese have rolled up their conquests. Japanese armies are deployed today from the Amur River to the boundaries of India, but they have, in Asia, done remarkably little actual fighting for the amount of territory they have occupied.

Let us face the fact that the Japanese successes have been more political than military. They have made their greatest gains by a show of force accompanied by political, financial, and economic moves rather than out-and-out fighting. They have been helped every step of the way not only by the moves of Europeans playing their usual games of power politics, but also by the passive or active collaboration of native groups in every region they have entered.

Look at the record. The Japanese took and consolidated their control over Manchuria, Johol, and North China with practically no real fighting. They were able to do this because of (1) the disunity of China, in large part the result of the activities of western powers to protect their own "special interests;" (2) Britain's

policy of appeasing Japan, as part of a complex balance-of-power strategy; and (3) cooperation from various Chinese groups, led by Wang Ching-wei.

In 1938 the Japanese began their terroristic campaign against China and conquered the eastern seaboard. They did this by force. They could hardly, however, have "pacified" the huge occupied area without the help of the Chinese themselves. Chinese helped the Japanese take Kowloon and Hong Kong. The Japanese moved their armies into Indo-China not as a conquering force but with the consent of Vichy France as a "defensive" measure against a rumored British coup. They moved into Thailand with the consent of its rulers. In Burma they had cooperation from influential Burmese and no opposition from the natives. In Malaya the natives largely either cooperated or remained passive.

We tend to dismiss native collaboration with the invaders on the theory that it was caused by superior Japanese military force. No doubt the explanation holds good in some places. Yet the Chinese 19th Route Army proved in Shanghai in 1932 that a small force of inadequately armed Chinese defenders could stand off Japanese mechanized forces for months. The Chinese proved it again in Shanghai in 1937. Japanese armies have looked more powerful than they really are because they have met so little genuine opposition. The first real power they confronted was our

American power in the South Seas.

We dismiss native collaborators as puppets. But the Wang Ching-wei régime cannot be so lightly discounted. Wang Ching-wei has held a succession of high offices in the Chinese government since the early days of Sun Yat-sen's revolution against the Manchus. As recently as 1937 he was President of the Executive Yuan of the central government. He is accepted as a patriot by millions of Chinese for the same reason that Chiang Kai-shek is — because they believe he wants an independent China. We are fooling ourselves if we suppose that the Chiang Kai-shek régime is "on our side" if "our side" means continued white domination of Asia. His government and people are on the British-American side today because they believe that we, rather than the Japanese, will help free China from restrictions and interference by Western powers.

Their purpose, in other words, is the independence of China and that, in the long run, means independence from Western countries as well as Asiatic aggressors. Nothing is gained by denying that Wang Ching-wei and Chiang Kai-shek have largely the same goal — China's freedom. They differ in their ideas of how to get that freedom. Wang thinks that the Western nations are a greater danger to China's integrity than Japan. He cooperated with the Japanese because he felt that they would break the "special privileges" of the Western powers.

Moreover, our tardiness in the matter of explicit statement and action has enabled Wang to claim that he was right. True, Britain and America have surrendered their extra-territorial rights in China — but not until after the Japanese had promised this freedom to Wang's régime; not, in fact, until after the Japanese had made our special privileges look extremely insecure by taking over the International Settlement in Shanghai and other "white" holdings in eastern China.

Japan has declared Wang's government independent, has signed a treaty with it as an autonomous nation and has turned over the International Settlements to it. The sincerity of such action is open to question, but so is the sincerity of "white" renunciation of special privileges. We must look at the picture from the Asiatic vantage point. Our political promises seem evasive. The Cairo Declaration promised only to destroy Japan and to return to China territories wrested from it by the Japanese and which the Japanese, in the formal sense at least, have already turned back to China. No mention was made of Chinese territories owned or dominated by European countries. No mention was made of Hong Kong or the International Settlements.

III

It is thus clear that politically the Japanese have the jump on us. Their advantage cannot be cancelled by

self-delusion or double-talk on our part.

The Cairo Declaration promised to take from Japan all territories she has acquired by "violence and greed." From our point of view this is grim justice. The Asiatic peoples, however, heard the Japanese propaganda first. They have occupied those areas, the Japanese say, only as a defensive measure during the war — in the way we have occupied Sicily and Southern Italy — or as a "liberating force" to repel the "white aggressors."

To give this theory a kind of plausibility, they have already declared some of the regions — the Philippines, Burma, China — "independent." They have already set up "autonomous" governments, staffed by local people, in these regions and also in Java and Malaya. The leading native collaborators are in many instances figures held in considerable respect by their own people. No matter how cynical such policies may be, the fact remains that we cannot "liberate" these regions from the Japanese without making definite and concrete arrangements for their early independence. To do less would challenge our sincerity and might even make the Japanese, after their expulsion, seem martyrs to the cause of Asiatic freedom.

Our program for dealing with post-war Japan is much more severe, from present indications, than our program for dealing with Italy or Germany. The outline of alleged State Department plans given by Kingsbury Smith

in THE AMERICAN MERCURY involves virtual obliteration of Japan as a nation. At the moment our hatred of the Japanese enables us to face this prospect with pleasure. It induces us to suppose that other Asiatic and South Sea peoples will share our pleasure.

This may turn out to be dangerous illusion. The Japanese talk to those peoples as one "colored" race to another. Regardless of their sincerity, and regardless of their aggressions, they have become a symbol of Asiatic "colored" freedom. The ruthlessness of our dealings with Japan will merely confirm the Japanese propaganda that we are determined to fight to the death any challenge to "white" control of Asia and the South Sea regions.

We have certainly no proof of our assumption that the native peoples in the whole area affected, if given a free choice between Japanese and white control, would choose white. We forget that in many vital respects Japanese interests are closer to the interests of other Asiatic peoples than ours. Because of their race, for instance, the Japanese are likely to seem the lesser of two evils. Japanese conquerors can be expected to mingle and assimilate with the general population, whereas white control must always remain alien and arrogant.

Then there is the question of white standards of living. Our way of life is a constant affront to the poverty of the Asiatic peoples. The Japanese way is not too different to give offense or to arouse envy. Moreover, the eco-

nomical way of life of the Japanese enables them to make — at a profit — many things that the natives want (textiles, bicycles, sneakers, etc.) at prices within the reach of greater numbers.

The Japanese do not possess the kind of preponderant military power at the disposal of the Western nations. They could scarcely hope to dominate Asiatic regions by force alone for more than a brief interval. As the native nationalist movements become more powerful, the Japanese would have to retreat, to cooperate, or be expelled. On the basis of past experience, many of the nationalist leaders feel they have more to fear from Western than from Japanese overlords in this respect. Also, the European powers have controlled vast tracts of under-populated land from which they excluded Japanese, Chinese and other Oriental peoples crowded into over-populated areas; hopes for what they consider a juster distribution of population are a part of the nationalists' program.

None of these things constitutes an argument for handing over any portion of Asia to Japan. They are strong arguments for the necessity of clearer thinking and deeper understanding on our part. They must make us aware that behind Japan's expansion and the revolutionary upsurge in Asia there are genuine economic and social problems. If they are not solved, even the total demolition of Japan and the Japanese will not be enough to gain us peace in the Pacific.

Politically, the only way we can win the war is to disprove Japanese propaganda. If we have nothing better to offer Asia than the destruction of Japan and the intention of three or four Big Powers to keep the peace by force, we shall lose the war, whatever the military outcome. We have said that we intend to teach the Japanese that force doesn't pay, but we must beware lest our actions teach Asia only that insufficient force doesn't pay. This is the lesson that hundreds of millions, most of them still inert, are slowly learning; if we forfeit their good will, God help us when they have learned it.

We are obliged to choose now whether we want to run the world by cooperation or spend the rest of the century in war. We can make a start by an unequivocal statement that we consider the rights of the native peoples in Asia and the Pacific paramount in those regions and that when such rights seem at variance with our assumed interests, our interests must give way and native rights take precedence.

We can make a start by conceding without delay that the disposition of Japan, once it has been defeated, is not solely the problem of Western powers. The peoples of areas occupied by the Japanese must be given an equal voice with us in deciding the fate of the defeated aggressors. The solemn responsibility for shoving the Japanese back into their islands is one we have no right to accept without consulting the peoples of the rest of Asia. The same applies to the responsibility for punishing the whole Japanese people for the crimes of their leaders, especially since millions of Chinese failed to understand the British and American policy of supplying the Japanese military machine with materials while Chinese villages were being bombed.

It is not too late to win the cooperation of Asiatic peoples if we can demonstrate that we are sincere in our desire to "liberate" them and in our desire to work with them in solving real and pressing social problems. It is clearly to our advantage to try.



No man, for any considerable period, can wear one face to himself, and another to the multitude, without finally getting bewildered as to which may be the true.

— NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

► *An Englishman is amazed
by Americans at war.*

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA

BY RONALD COLLIER

I stood at the bar of a New York tavern, a visitor to these fabulous shores of sixty minutes' standing. Around me a dozen people clustered as I engulfed the largest shot of Scotch whisky these near-disillusioned eyes had fallen upon in three macabre years. Nine of my twelve co-drinkers were already calling me by my Christian name. Three had discovered the names of my wife and two small children in darkest England. Four had invited me to enjoy the hospitality of their homes. And all twelve fought passionately among themselves for the privilege of buying me alcoholic distraction from the memory of a "dry" and cheerless transatlantic journey.

The Americans are like that, I discovered. Overwhelmingly friendly, embarrassingly hospitable, unquenchably voluble; as volatile as their own high-octane aviation spirit; hundred horsepower hosts.

During a split-second lull in the wordy blitzkrieg which raged about my head, a melancholic figure who had been imbibing martinis in solitude, slid up the bar, grasped my arm and demanded to know whether I was

"a Britisher" (forbidden, shuddering word to Britons as, no doubt, "Americaners" would be to Americans.) I admitted it. The solitary drinker reflected for a moment and then observed quietly: "I always say one thing about the Britishers — to hell with them!"

And he returned to the moody consumption of synthetic gin commingled with dubious vermouth. The Americans, I learned, are like that too. Somewhere in each citizen's breast there lurks an emotional landmine which can be touched off only by England and the English. Ten days after this slightly unnerving experience, I encountered the martini-addict in the same tavern. He approached me with cautious humility. He devoutly hoped I had not taken offence at his attitude. It was entirely due to martinis. He had not slept a wink since the awful words passed his lips. He would buy me a drink. He did.

By this time, I had formed certain impressions of the American citizens and that small portion of the United States which is New York City and Washington. And I have been adding

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to them daily. Some were astonishing, others gratifying, many unpleasing, a few confirmatory of preconceived notions — and all vastly stimulating. For the sake of brevity, I shall catalogue them:

AMERICANS AND THE WAR: The civilian former appear to be as remote from the global latter as the inhabitants of a Tibetan monastery (though considerably more entertaining companions, I imagine). Most of them seem to regard the world war as something akin to the world series in which they are represented by a team (the best, of course!) to which they will readily offer vocal, moral and even certain financial support while in no way participating in the business themselves. Repercussions of the play tending to incommode the spectators are unanimously frowned upon.

Thus, restaurant patrons will darkly discuss “food shortage” (which means steak and beef are off) as they plough through menus that would have made tantalizing newspaper serials for most people in Europe at any time in the past four years. Similarly, motorists brood upon gasoline shortage and rubber restrictions as they bowl along roads which give the newly-arrived Briton the impression of being black with eighty horsepower motor-cars. Again, Sunday newspapers — so vast and weighty that no person could carry home half a dozen of them without assistance and which I defy any human being to read in twenty-four hours — solemnly warn readers that

the nation is in the midst of a newsprint famine and urge all to redouble their salvage efforts.

Even laundries gravely call upon customers to avoid waste while they themselves make it impossible for clients to rescue each returned garment from cocoons of cardboard, tissue paper, colored-bands, pamphlets and pins without festooning themselves from head to foot. And, for my part, I must report that after walking down Broadway by night to sample what has been mysteriously called the “brown-out” and is reputed to be a combined fuel-saving and security measure, I continued to see a miniature firework display before the eyes long after I had sought sleep in a darkened hotel-bedroom.

AMERICANS AT HOME: Intramural activities of all citizens appear to be governed primarily by temperature. The unfortunate, unacclimatized alien promptly finds himself in an atmospheric dilemma. He faces, in winter-time, frost-bite on the streets or the prospect of being parboiled in the home. Should he choose the second alternative he will soon discover that his host finds nothing inconsistent about dwelling on the subject of fuel shortage, stepping up the temperature of the central-heating system, removing his coat because he is too warm and finally resorting to quarts of ice-water in a desperate endeavor to combat the ferocious heat.

To compensate for these things, however, the visiting Briton pleasurably

discovers that American bedrooms, bathrooms, kitchens, and apartment buildings generally are incomparably better than anything of the kind he has experienced in the United Kingdom; that American cooking is five times better and ten times more imaginative than what laughably passes for culinary skill in the average British home; and that he cannot remember tasting such excellent coffee since he was last aboard an American ship. He will avoid much heartache, however, by eschewing what his host quaintly describes as "tea" and "beer" — two pale-colored fluids distinguishable chiefly by the fact that one is inadequately hot and the other excessively cold.

AMERICAN WOMEN: Nowhere in the world have I seen so many attractive girls, nor such well-groomed ones, nor ones so delectably-shaped. Nowhere in the world have I seen the female form apotheosized to such dizzy heights. Nowhere in the world have I seen women so determinedly, exclusively concerned with the fact of their sex and the problem of impressing the male with it. Nowhere in the world have I encountered women so passionately devoted to the ideal of becoming elegant, desirable, pampered, adored dependents of men and so violently opposed to any notion that they might achieve political, financial and social equality with the male. The American female form may be divine, the American female mind appears to have collapsed under the onslaught of

the movies, the glossy magazines, the cosmetic manufacturers and the song-writers. It is a depressing thought.

AMERICAN POLITICS: Utterly inscrutable, as yet, to this dazed observer, after two months in Washington. Clearly, they rank in importance only below the movies and the comics in dominating the American scene and must be a fascinating study to all who can pierce the esoteric veil which shrouds them. The outstanding impression made upon the new arrival in America is that 99 per cent of all political activity is devoted to (a) the retention of office by one set of persons and (b) the wresting of office from them by another set of persons. Public and press, as well as politicians, participate wholeheartedly in this struggle, passionately convinced that upon its outcome depend the work, wealth and happiness of the entire United States and half the rest of the world.

The bewildering aspect of this to the neutral spectator is that both sides are apparently battling for exactly the same political principle, *i.e.*, capitalistic private enterprise. This principle, upheld with religious fervor, is unanimously believed to confer upon its beneficiaries something called "equality" (not inconsistent with rachitic children in noisome slums and pet dogs wearing mink coats in Park Avenue apartments); something called "freedom" (not inconsistent with the repression and subjection of nearly a tenth of the population — the colored Americans — to a degree which would

have scandalized Colonel Blimp in his Indian Army days); and something called "justice" (not inconsistent with the appointment of judges at the instigation of notorious criminals and the lynching of citizens without — and sometimes with — judicial approval).

Close examination of the speeches and writings of almost every major politician reveals no deviation from the perfervid support of the aforementioned principles whichever party the speaker or writer espouses. In a word, everyone agrees on how to operate the machinery of government, no one agrees about who shall operate it. This issue is one to be settled apparently by whichever set of office-seekers can most successfully infuriate the people against its opponents by blackening their characters, abusing them, implicating them in scandals and accusing them of threatening to undermine the sacred capitalistic principle.

Both sides do all this with great gusto. Thus, for example, a powerful newspaper cartel flatly announces that the President of the United States is (a) a communist, (b) a fascist and (c) hankers after the establishment of a monarchy with himself on the throne.

Few Americans appear even to be astonished by such breath-taking allegations. The technique of "smearing" (a delightful new word to me) has been so abused, apparently, that it has almost ceased to be effective.

More astonishing to me, however, than any of these things, was the solemn denunciation of the present profoundly capitalist administration as socialist — by a great trade union (the carpenters)! These artisans then proceeded to lay down a set of political aims — including complete freedom for private industry, removal of all government controls of production and an end to any state checks on employers — that would sound like a charter for unrestricted economic vampirism to an outraged English trade union carpenter.

To sum up: America fascinates me, exasperates me, evokes my sincere respect, alarms me by its ignorance (or willful myopia) of the great new political tides now running strongly through the rest of the world, and has brightened my life more than I could have conceived three months ago. I wish I understood the Americans. I hope I shall one day. Meanwhile, I think they're — swell.



*I*NTELLECTUAL and moral victories are the only ones which do not leave the victor bankrupt and desolate in spirit when the goal is won.
— "AE"

THE JEWS FIGHT BACK

BY RUTH KARPF AND J. L. TELLER

THE world knows the horrors of Jewish suffering at the hands of the Nazis. It has not yet become aware of Jewish heroism — a heroism raised to new dimensions by the odds against the Jews, their helplessness, their fearful isolation. When the whole story is told, it may appear that in quality, if not in quantity, the heroism outweighs the martyrdom.

Only small parts of the story are known. Only a portion of what is known can be told without endangering the work of resistance. This much is certain: Jewish guerrillas have been fighting Hitler for the past two years — in the ghettos and death camps of Poland, in the marshes of White Russia, on the steppes of the Ukraine and in the mountains and forests of the Balkans. Some serve in separate Jewish detachments in guerrilla armies. Many are fighting under their own flag, the Jewish blue-and-white. Many more are scattered, unidentified, throughout Europe's underground.

The Jewish resistance movement began to take shape even before the

first gun was fired in the Nazi *Blitzkrieg*. Its headquarters were in Tel-Aviv. Palestine's Jewish workers had trained 300 shock troopers for duty in Hitler's Europe. Many of them got their training in guerrilla tactics from the late Major General Orde Charles Wingate. They were ex-members of the night squads which Wingate led against Axis-sponsored Arab brigands in the Palestine riots in 1936-38.

They went to Europe on the eve of the war, 300 men and women armed with a blueprint for Jewish resistance and fully aware that their chances of remaining alive were less than one in a thousand. They deployed through Poland, Belgium, Austria, France, the Netherlands, the Balkans and even the Reich itself. Their instructions were to keep organized Jewish life functioning in the face of Nazi decrees; to train new leaders to replace those who were being interned and killed; to set up an "underground railroad" to effect the escape of Jews. If and when there was no alternative, their orders were: armed resistance to the death.

RUTH KARPF, a Palestinian, has worked for the Palestine Broadcasting Service, covered the Middle East as a free lance reporter, and is now on the staff of the Overseas News Agency. J. L. TELLER is editor of the Independent Jewish Press Service and staff writer for the Jewish Morning Journal, for whom he served as foreign correspondent in Europe and Palestine.

These shock troopers kept in constant touch with Tel Aviv agents in neutral countries through a code of their own. Because the code has since been discarded, it can now be revealed. Its basic idea was to take Hebrew words and give them Slavic suffixes, using them as first or family names.

Early in 1940, the first coded communication reached a neutral capital. It reported that "Cousin Raavsky" had visited certain towns. *Raav* is Hebrew for "hunger." It meant that the Jews of Poland were facing starvation. Palestine forwarded money. With this money, the underground rented farms, and the more "Aryan"-looking of the young Zionists, in training for agricultural settlement in Palestine, operated these farms and helped to feed the ghettos. When the Nazis began to raid Poland's granaries for their armies of occupation and for shipment to Germany, these boys transferred their activities to the Jewish cemeteries inside the ghetto, sowing and harvesting at night.

In the beginning of 1941 the coded letters, sometimes arriving by diplomatic pouch, told of ailing "brother Sefer." He was ill throughout occupied Europe, in Warsaw, Byalystock, Lodz, Antwerp and Amsterdam. *Sefer* is the Hebrew for "book." It meant that all the Hebrew schools had been closed. To cope with this, an underground educational system was set up complete from kindergarten to trade schools and university. In Warsaw alone, 3400 young people attended eighty-five secret courses, where they

were trained as mechanics, locksmiths, carpenters, tailors, shoemakers, plumbers and electricians. From Warsaw, instructors were sent on field trips to organize classes in the smaller ghettos.

The code vocabulary grew with the needs. Sometimes even the decoders couldn't quite keep up with it. Thus, a very puzzling letter arrived at a "post" in a neutral country one day. It said that the Nazis weren't really so bad at all; that they had, in fact, been rather cooperative of late. No one knew what to make of it at first. The decoders thought that the Gestapo had caught some of their men, and had forced them to write these notes to their contacts abroad. Many more letters expressing the same "sentiment" arrived. Then it dawned on the decoders that this might mean that Nazi officials could be bought. Their guess was corroborated in reply to coded queries. Funds were collected to recruit Gestapo aces for a large-scale scheme. Before any systematic action could be launched, a new name appeared in the letters from the underground — Mr. Harogovitz. The writers urged that "Aunt Moledeth" be told as soon as possible that Mr. Harogovitz was very impatient about that debt. *Harog* is Hebrew for "kill." *Moledeth* is "homeland," i.e. Palestine. The underground was informing Palestine that the Nazis had begun the systematic extermination of Jews.

It was a race against time. The Jewish Agency, the Jewish Labor Committee in New York, the World

Jewish Congress, the American Jewish Congress, the Agudath Israel, all received the terrifying information through their contacts. And so did President Roosevelt, Secretary of State Hull, Prime Minister Churchill, Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden. They were all informed of the desperate necessity for immediate rescue, and of the ways and means in which it could be effected.

But Mr. Harogovitz was faster than London and Washington. And the ghettos set up their own clandestine War Refugee Board. Custom officials and border guards had a standard price per Jew per head. Passports were manufactured by the Jews themselves. Some Jews got across in "official capacity," dressed in SS uniforms turned out by graduates of the underground tailor schools. Perhaps a million Jews reached Hungary from Poland and Czechoslovakia. Hungary, at that time still meant comparative safety. From Hungary, some eventually got to Palestine.

From Holland, Belgium and France Jewish children were smuggled into Spain and Portugal. They were taken in groups, sometimes disguised as pupils of parochial schools, with crosses around their necks, and baptismal papers which their teacher, Mr. Shushu, carried. Sometimes, Mr. Shushu was accompanied by his wife, the blonde blue-eyed Mrs. Shushu. They were both Palestinians, members of the three hundred. Today they are both dead. They died according to the code of the Jewish underground,

drinking the arsenic which every Jewish underground worker carries with him — for emergency. The undergrounders take no chances on their individual resistance to Nazi torture.

II

These extraordinary men and women never gave up their race against Mr. Harogovitz. In October 1942, the nineteen-year-old Tosia Altman, now dead, and the twenty-three-year-old girl Zivyah Lubetkin, underground leaders, wrote to Lisbon that "Haganah" was staying with them now, convalescing. Subsequent letters told of Haganah "looking well now." *Haganah* means self defense. The Jews had begun to organize armed resistance.

The first clashes took place in Warsaw in January 1943. In February 1943, 130,000 Jewish textile workers in Lodz went out on strike, to prevent the deportation of "non-essential" Jews to their death. The textile industry was vital to the Nazis. Deportations from Lodz stopped for some time. These were the first feelers. The Jews realized that survival was impossible, but they knew also that every Nazi they killed would be one less on the fronts.

Jewish organizations had been working independently. Now they got together, formed the Jewish Coordinating Committee. It included representatives of the Bund, the Polish-Jewish Socialist Party, and the Jewish National Committee comprising all

Zionist factions, and was headed by Dr. A. Berman, Isak Zuckerman and D. Kraftar. This Coordinating Committee took charge of all organized relief, rescue and armed resistance.

By November 1943, \$66,000 had been remitted to the underground from the United States alone. For 50,000 Zloty — about 2500 dollars — a man could be bought out from a concentration camp. For 5000 to 10,000 Zlotys he could be accommodated in an "Aryan" district, providing his looks made that possible. That sum covered three months' residence. Rifles cost 3000 Zlotys apiece. Some of them were bought from the Polish underground; some from Nazi deserters. Some came from the Jewish commandos that executed midnight raids on Nazi arsenals.

One night a train carrying Jews to the Treblinka death camp was stopped by the "Gestapo." They disarmed the military, collected some fifty rifles, released the Jews and disappeared into the woods. The same "Gestapomen" paid Warsaw a visit a few weeks later. Under "order" of the Nazi governor of the district they took over the Deportation Department. Their administration was an exceedingly brief one. They left after a few hours, taking the lists of Jews scheduled for deportation. They left a receipt — a few corpses of real Gestapomen.

There were children commandos, too. Nazis rising from barber chairs in Poland would find that the rifles or revolvers they had hung up on clothes

racks only a few minutes before were gone. No one had left the shop, except for a little urchin — eight years old perhaps, or nine, who had come to beg for pennies. Such raids became so bad that the Nazis had to issue lists of "in-bounds" barber shops, and even in these, they were under orders to keep their arms on them at all times.

The first time these arms were used by Jews in a major action was in the ghetto of Warsaw, when 35,000 Jews rose on April 19, 1943, and gave battle to the Nazis for forty-two days. Of all the battles of this war, this was perhaps the most desperate, melodramatic and memorable. It will take its place in the saga of man's unconquerable spirit. The Nazis knew that this revolt was in preparation. The Jews told them so. For weeks before the first shot was fired, leaflets appeared on the walls in the ghetto, morning after morning, calling upon the Jews to resist deportation, to sabotage Nazi factories, and to get ready to join the impending battle. And daily the Nazis posted their replies under the signature of General Teben, Military Commander of the Warsaw garrison, warning that any resistance to the Wehrmacht would be hopeless. The Jews meanwhile dug special shelters for their arms, for which Gestapo squads scouted in vain. Miles of subterranean passages were dug, leading in and out of the ghetto, and far beyond Warsaw to the underground outposts.

The revolt broke out on the first Passover night. A fifteen-year-old girl fired the first shot. After a week of

open warfare, with Nazi hostages held in the catacombs of the Warsaw ghetto, German reinforcements were rushed from the east. The Jews got reinforcements too. They captured Paviak jail. Five hundred uniformed ghettomen disarmed the prison guards, released the inmates, who included Jews, Poles and German army deserters, armed them and assigned them to key posts in the defense of the ghetto. On instructions from Berlin, Nazi planes showered incendiaries. Big guns demolished every house that had escaped the bombs. The Jews fought on from the ruins. Three thousand Nazis died.

III

The Warsaw revolt was a signal for other ghettos. Armed resistance spread even to the concentration camps and death centers.

In the Treblinka death camp, in February 1943, an explosion blew up the gas chambers just as a few thousand Jews were to be led in for execution. The explosion was an underground job. In the resulting confusion, the Nazi guards were disarmed and shot. Two hundred Jews got out alive. They became the Treblinka partisans, operating from the Malkin forests. The same month revolts swept the Pniew, Travnik and Sabibor death camps. Unlike the Treblinka revolt, these were prepared weeks ahead. In Pniew, the battle lasted three days; 3000 Jews got away, and they became the Pniew partisans. Trav-

nik and Sabibor units are also fighting the Nazis today.

The underground Jewish National Committee of Poland reports: "In Byalistock the Jews fought with grenades and time bombs. They had machine guns also. The Nazis set the Ghetto on fire, but Jewish warfare continued for a month." In Lwow, Jewish resistance flared up on November 18, 1943. Two thousand Jews broke out of the ghetto, taking with them a hundred Nazi hostages. The next day the Nazi liquidation squads arrived. The remaining Jews fought to the last man. They took a toll of sixty Germans. The Jews adopted the Nazis' own hostage system whenever they had a chance. The families of officers and officials were kidnapped, and released only in exchange for so many guns or so many Jews.

Ghetto guerrillas are operating today throughout Europe. In Poland, in the Balkans, in Carpatho Ruthenia and in France. The Vichy radio has confirmed it, charging that the Maquis had invited Jewish guerrilla specialists from Poland to instruct and train the French underground. Polish Jews were sentenced to death in January and February, 1944 in Lyon, Paris and Marseilles for guerrilla activity. From Ankara comes the report that on March 27 of this year, thirty-two Jews were court-martialled in Bucharest, on the charge of "aiding and abetting" Tito's partisans and British parachutists.

A Stockholm dispatch of January,

1944, tells of orthodox religious Jews court-martialled for leading a peasant guerrilla detachment in the Carpathian mountains. A Moscow dispatch of April 5, 1944 tells of a Jewish guerrilla village in White Russia led by the twenty-six-year-old Isak Blatt; 150 strong they harassed the Germans behind the lines. A Jew named Bernstein led Jewish guerrilla bands in Kremenetz and Duno. The Yiddish guerrilla poet A. Sutzkever, of Vilna, reported to the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee in Moscow on April, 1944 that a Jewish Guerrilla unit harassed the Germans in Vilna for many months, sniping from the sewers. Forced to withdraw to the forest, from which they organize raids to this day, they took with them some of the archives of the Yiddish Scientific Institute in Vilna.

The Cairo correspondent of the London *Jewish Chronicle* quotes Tito emissaries on Jews who fought with the Partisans "from the very beginning." The leading figure among them is reported to be Moshe Pijade, known as "Uncle Yanko," one of the three vice-presidents of the Tito provisional government. There are also the four Baruchs: Bora Baruch, a painter who arrived from Paris to participate in the fighting; Jorge and Issa Baruch, and their sister Rachel. The three brothers, two of them detachment organizers and one a political officer, died in action. Rachel made bombs at home. She died at the hands of the Gestapo. Two Jewish doctors are spoken of with reverence

by the Partisans: Dr. Herbert Kraus, second in command of the Partisan medical service, and Dr. Schlesinger, a major in the first World War, who joined the Partisans with his wife and twenty-year-old daughter. They died in action.

Einigkeit, published by the Jewish Anti-fascist Committee of Moscow, carried the following letter written by a young Jewish guerrilla fighter, Haim Slutsky, member of a detachment operating in the Minsk sector;

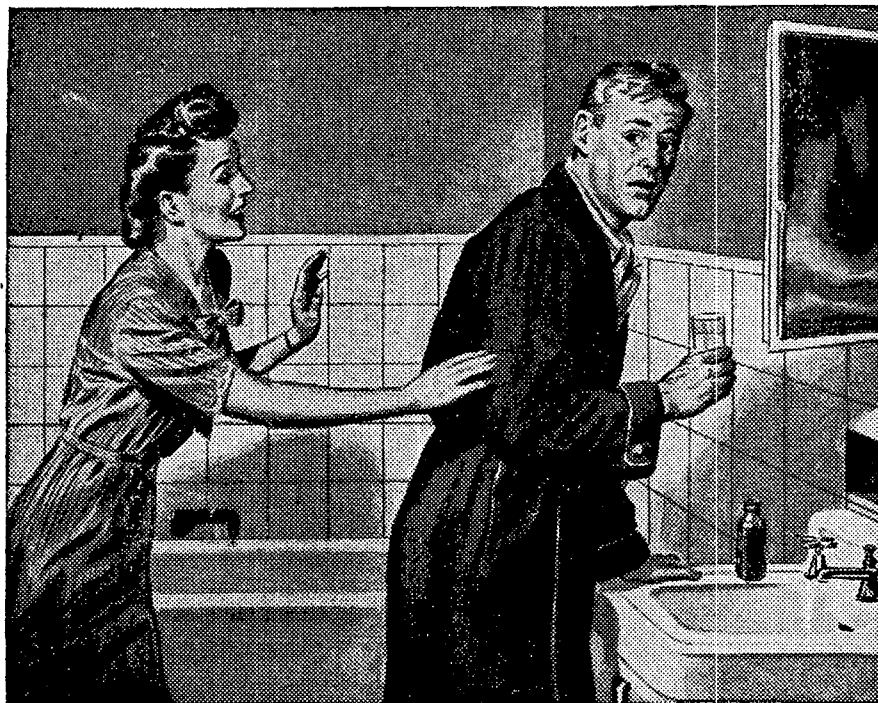
Father, you would not recognize your son, the Yeshiva student. The Nazis, blustering before cowering sick and aged Jewish men and women, go green in the gills when faced by Jewish partisans, by your son, Itsche, armed with an automatic and hand grenades.

I ask all newspapers, Jewish and non-Jewish to reprint this letter to my father. I want all to know that although millions of our brethren have been exterminated, remnants, tense with the desire for vengeance and on the alert to strike the enemy and retaliate, are lurking in the forests and swamps of the occupied territories.

This is disconnected information — a flash here and there, lighting up a vista of heroism. The story is yet to be told. Many an episode of magnificent courage and self-sacrifice cannot be disclosed because the struggle might be impeded. But perhaps it is enough to make clear the fundamental fact that the Jews are fighting back. Out-numbered, for the most part unnoticed by a world engaged in a larger struggle, they are taking toll of the barbarian and again demonstrating their vitality as a people.

Stomach-ache or Appendicitis?

—it's not for you to say



DON'T DO THIS: If you have an unusual abdominal pain—don't take laxatives or home remedies; take no food or liquids, except water.

Forego your usual daily business. Don't rub the spot that hurts, or apply an ice bag or hot-water bag.

WHY NOT? Your appendix may be inflamed. If so, burdening the intestines with food, or taking a laxative might rupture the appendix and spread infection—the cause of most deaths in

appendicitis. These complications are four times as frequent among those who have taken laxatives.

Moreover, physical exertion or massaging may be dangerous if the appendix is inflamed. Complete rest may help prevent serious complications. Heat or cold might kill the pain and give you the mistaken idea that the attack has passed. It may be "only a stomach-ache." But that's not up to you to decide.



DO THIS: If the pain is a puzzling and persistent one, if it's accompanied by nausea or vomiting, call a doctor—and call him at once—instead of attempting to prescribe for yourself.

Stay in bed, resting comfortably until he comes.

WHY? Only a doctor is qualified to say whether you have appendicitis. He may want to take one or more blood-

cell counts, watch your temperature, and wait for pain to localize. Chances are it *isn't* appendicitis. If it is, and the doctor advises an operation, quick action may save life, time, and money.

Prompt attention, together with the recent advances in medical science, have reduced by half the deaths from appendicitis in the past few years.

Send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 64-L, entitled, "Appendicitis."

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► *An American-born Chinese
who serves both countries.*

CHAN, AIR HERO OF TWO NATIONS

BY RUSSELL WHELAN

My friend Art Chan has a new face and so he deems himself ready to fight the Japanese again. Art is Major Arthur Chan, aged twenty-nine, ace pursuit squadron commander of the Chinese Air Force, holder of eight victories over Jap airmen, and hero of a siege of personal suffering unique even in this day of universal blood and tears.

Art's new face is the result of twenty-six operations of skin grafting and plastic surgery performed on him since he lost his face in the explosion of his gasoline tank north of Nanning, in Kwangsi Province, three years ago. Nineteen of these operations have been performed in Harkness Pavilion of Presbyterian Hospital in New York City. A series of seven previously performed in Hong Kong was terminated when the Japs took over that imperial outpost and almost added Art to their liquidation lists.

This substitute face is not one that his family and friends in his home town of Portland, Oregon, will recognize when Art goes out there soon for his first visit since 1931; Art doubts that he'll ever get used to the face either. But so long as it qualifies him

to resume the fight against the Japanese, he'll be satisfied. For Art has a long personal score to settle with the Japs, as will be seen when it is added up here, point by point.

A neighbor of Art's these past eighteen months in Harkness Pavilion, is J. B. Powell, the noted Shanghai newspaper editor who lost his feet as the result of maltreatment in a Jap prison after the fall of Shanghai.

"I suppose Major Chan is the only man in this war who is an American hero to the Chinese and a Chinese hero to Americans," says Mr. Powell.

That is true. Art is an American, born in Portland of a Chinese father and a Peruvian-Spanish mother. Old photographs show him to have been a handsome youngster with markedly Latin features. He was seventeen when the Japanese committed their first overt act of conquest, the move into Manchuria in 1931.

"It made some of us kids good and sore," Art says now. "We figured that a big war was coming, and that China would need aviators. Other people agreed, and a fund was raised to give us pilot training here and then send us to China as aviation instructors."

RUSSELL WHELAN produces radio programs and films for United China Relief. He is the author of *The Flying Tigers*, and formerly worked on various Middle-Western newspapers.

Late in 1931 Art and several other young Chinese-Americans sailed for China, where they enrolled in the provincial army of Kwangtung Province, with headquarters in Canton. The Governor of Kwangtung sympathized with Chiang Kai-shek's efforts to establish a strong central government, and used his provincial forces in excursions against recalcitrant warlords.

In 1936 Art was sent to Germany with five other pilots to learn the methods of the Luftwaffe. He returned to China with a healthy respect for the efficiency of the German system and a dread of what it betokened for the world. By this time Chiang's National government had absorbed the military strength of Kwangtung, and Art became a first lieutenant in the Chinese Air Force. On July 7, 1937, the Japanese created the "incident" at Peking and began the invasion of China proper.

The Air Force was a hybrid hodgepodge of equipment and methods, representing importations from Germany, Italy, Great Britain, the United States and Japan. It had less than 150 first-class fighting planes, American Vultees and Curtiss Hawks, and Gloucester Gladiators from England. After the invasion began, the Stalin government, not averse to a little experience in actual war for its airmen, sent over a force of several hundred fliers and mechanics with a hundred pursuit planes and forty antiquated bombers.

As Chiang's government combed the world for more planes, Art Chan and

his pals of this tiny air force went up day after day against odds of five or ten to one.

"When our strategy called for a bombing, we had no bombers," Art Chan says now. "So we went in old Douglas two-seater trainers, made of fabric and wood, with 100-pound bombs racked to our wings.

"Their 120 miles an hour top speed made them too risky for daytime use. So we'd take off at night, get as high as we could, shut off our motors and glide in over the target. Dropping our bombs, we'd continue in the glide, hoping to get out of range of the sound detectors before trying to start up our motors. Sometimes they wouldn't start up, of course. So sometimes we wouldn't come back. And even if we survived such a trip there was always the strong possibility that our air-drome would have been bombed out of commission in our absence."

II

In 1937 Claire L. Chennault, now major general commanding the Fourteenth U. S. Air Force, arrived in China to be chief advisor on military aviation to Chiang Kai-shek. Art Chan was in the fight near Hankow when Chennault gave China its first great aerial victory and the world the first conclusive demonstration of his theories of air warfare. But days of glory were few for Art Chan and his comrades. Lacking planes and replacement parts, and sometimes even fuel and ammunition, their strength in

men steadily depleted, their airfields under almost daily bombardment and their movements under the constant surveillance of spies and traitors, theirs was at best a long delaying action.

From dawn to dusk of every day they were on constant alert. At night they slept in their rude hangars, or if posted at emergency or dispersal fields, on the floor of abandoned huts or ruined temples. The food supply was scant and irregular. Sometimes the men of the air force had to forage in order to keep from starvation. There were no doctors, no nurses, no medical kits, no sanitation, no recreation, and for months and years on end, no furloughs. It was war at its grimmest and dreariest, a losing war without even the wine of hope or the solid food of frequent victories.

By November 1, 1940, Art Chan had been credited with eight Japanese victims, two bombers, one large sea-plane, and five fighters. No other Chinese pursuit pilot had compiled a better record. One day he went aloft with two other fighters to escort three slow Russian bombers that had for their objective a Japanese position north of Nanning, in Kwangsi Province. His force was intercepted by fifteen Japanese pursuits. Art and his fighters engaged the enemy, and the Russian bombers lumbered toward their own airdrome. Three of the Japs concentrated on Art. Suddenly his ship shuddered under a powerful blow, and a sheet of flame enveloped him. His gas tank had exploded. Almost blinded at once, his helmet on fire, he

managed to flip the ruined plane on its side, and dropped out head first. The blaze quickly spread along his body. His greatest fear amid that inferno of pain was that the fire might damage his parachute. So despite the peril of a murderous attack, he yanked the ripcord after he had dropped about three hundred feet. A Jap pursuit immediately headed for him. Art pulled on one strap, partly collapsing his 'chute, and sharply accelerating his descent. The Jap bullets sang by above him.

Art waited for the next attack. He had still 2000 feet to go, he guessed, and he wondered whether he would die there in the air from the enemy's bullets or from the fire that was burning his clothing from his body. He threw off his smoking shoes, wrenched the burning helmet from his head, and with both hands tried to beat out the fire on his tunic and trousers. Suspended between earth and clouds, helplessly burning, already half blinded, he presented an easy target to the other death that now came racing down upon him at 300 miles an hour. From some reserve of will or instinct he summoned the power of mind to calculate its rate of approach. He knew the Jap would reach effective firing range at about 100 yards, but he suspected that this time the Jap would make completely certain of the prey.

Art told himself that he must not manipulate the strap until the foe was almost full upon him. He waited. Suddenly something told him to act, and he pulled the right strap with all his

strength. The bullets flew harmlessly past and the Jap fighter thundered by above.

At five hundred feet Art's blurred vision searched the sky for the foe. But the Jap had gone, apparently sure that the man in the parachute was dead. Then Art let out the 'chute in full flower, landed roughly on his burned feet and went plunging headlong on a rocky hillside until the 'chute came to a stop against a tree.

He released himself from the harness, tore off his flying suit, and put a hand to his face. It was a swelling mask of heat and pain. A tremendous roar beset his hearing. He turned to behold the trees swept by fire that had spread from his parachute.

He snatched up his belt and sidearm and ran down the hillside on his burned feet, toward a village he had sighted from the air. Arriving there he was confronted by a dozen men brandishing spears and clubs and yelling in a strange dialect. He tried to make them understand that he was a Chinese aviator. In the midst of his harangue they rushed him. Chan pulled out his revolver. They stopped. He spoke to them again. Finally one of them pointed to the valley below and uttered a word that sounded like "soldiers."

In the valley Art found an encampment of Chinese infantry, and told his story to an officer who spoke Cantonese. The officer had his men make a litter of logs and ropes. On this they carried Art to a dressing station ten miles further on.

The swelling had blinded both eyes when the soldiers finally set him down. A voice told him sorrowfully that no medication except petroleum jelly was available. Art knew this was worthless in his case. The nearest hospital was at Liuchow, his home town, two days' journey by motor truck. He asked that they telephone Liuchow and tell his colleagues of the Air Force to send a plane for him. That was impossible, he was told. There was no telephone service, and anyway, there was no possible landing place in that mountainous region.

So Art lay on the wooden floor of an ancient motor truck for two days and nights of agony as it wound its rocky way toward Liuchow. The Liuchow hospital was crowded and noisy with wounded and dying soldiers. There was no medicine for burns, no anesthesia, and hardly any antiseptics and bandages.

Art spent the night there. In the morning the air force commandant informed him that a transport plane would take him to Hong Kong for hospitalization the next day. Art went to his home near the airdrome. His young wife Yuet Mei (Spring Flower) put him to bed and placed damp tea leaves on his burns. The next day he lay there blinded, his hand in hers, listening to his two baby sons prattling over their toys, when the air raid alarm sounded. The door opened and Art's orderly came in. He and Yuet Mei tried to help Art from the bed.

"No," he said. "I'll be all right. If they do come over they'll only bomb

the airdrome, probably. You go to the cave with the babies."

When the distant thunder of the first bomb sounded, Art ordered them to leave immediately. Reluctantly they obeyed. As big Jap ships came roaring over in force, Art's expert ear assessed the size of the bombs, and their proximity. One hundred pounders, mostly, he thought, with a lot of smaller incendiaries. There would be no defense, of course. There seldom was any defense against Japanese bombardment any more.

Art heard feet pounding up the stairs. His wife and his orderly had returned. The children were safe. They preferred to be with him. He was about to insist that they return to the cave when a dreadful whirring filled the air, then was drowned out in a mighty blast. The little house shivered and quaked. Art's wife cried out. Running to the bed, she clasped him in her arms.

"My dear, my dear," she sobbed. "Are you all right?"

Before he could answer his ear detected a faint far-off rustle—the opening rush of a big bomb. The rustle became a whirring, the whirring a whistle, piercing, strident, nearer, stronger, in each split second. The orderly yelled something unintelligible and dropped on the floor. Then the appalling blast of a bomb that seemed to smash the world. For a moment thoughts were driven out of mind. Almost a minute passed before Art heard the orderly get to his feet and approach the bed. Art was conscious

of a twinge of pain in his right leg. He ignored it. He patted his wife's shoulder, whispering comfort to her. She did not answer. She did not move. The orderly saw why. The shrapnel that Fate had aimed at Art Chan had pierced the protecting body of his wife instead. Only a little piece had entered his own flesh at the knee. If she had stayed in the cave with the children he would have been killed there on the bed.

III

The next day Art with his baby sons boarded a plane for Hong Kong. At the Hong Kong Sanatorium and Hospital surgeons treated his burns, removed the shrapnel from his leg and examined the possibilities remaining to that face. There was no skin left, no eyebrows, no eyelids, and hardly the semblance of a nose. They told him it would be futile to begin skin grafting until scar tissue had formed. So he remained a blinded, faceless man for half a year. The first operation consisted of grafting small patches of skin from his biceps to his face, in an effort to form small "islands" of contact. On awakening from the ether his face burned, as it had after his parachute descent. But he resolved not to seek relief in the hypodermic needle. He knew that he faced many months of pain, and he wished to avoid dependency on drugs.

Other operations followed. Skin was taken from his hips, back, legs and arms and applied to the field of experiment on his face. In January Chen-

nault, on his way to the United States to organize the American Volunteer Group, the famed "Flying Tigers," visited Art to tell him he would make arrangements for his admission to Harkness Pavilion. When Chennault returned he and Art drafted a letter to Madame Chiang outlining the expense necessary for travel to America and hospitalization there.

Art waited six months for a reply. Finally, he was notified that he could draw on a Hong Kong bank for the money he needed. He went over to his brother-in-law's home in Kowloon and prepared his two boys for the journey to America.

The next day was Sunday, December 6, 1941, on that side of the international date line. Art planned to visit the President Steamship Line office the following morning and book passage on the first liner leaving Hong Kong. But his plans and hopes collapsed under a storm of Japanese bombardment. That was "Pearl Harbor" Sunday.

The city fell on Christmas Day and the butchery began. Word came from his brother-in-law in Kowloon outlining a plan of escape. The next day a servant called for Art, supplied him with the tattered garments of a Chinese coolie, and took him to a sampan in the bay. They rowed past all manner of Japanese naval craft, expecting to be questioned or shot at any moment. But after four hours they arrived safely in Kowloon.

All night long the trucks and wagons rolled through the streets with

the bodies of slaughtered human beings who had fallen athwart the path of the Jap juggernaut. Art ventured out at midnight, in defiance of the military curfew, to negotiate with the drivers of these grisly conveyances, but they were far too conscious of the loads they carried to dare the wrath of the triumphant butchers. But at last he found a Chinese youth who agreed to carry them in his covered truck for \$700 to Hong Kong.

When the first Jap sentry stopped the driver, the refugees listened with jumping hearts to the colloquy. Art held his hand poised above his baby's mouth to smother any sounds, but the child slept tranquilly. A second and a third sentry were successfully passed, and they arrived at the border, whence they walked the three miles to Shumchin. Behind them the night sky was brilliant with the reflection from the fires of Hong Kong.

Shumchin was rife with fifth columnists and momentarily expecting a visitation of Japanese. The refugees walked thirty miles that day, Art carrying his baby every step of the way. The following afternoon they reached Yei Chow. But other refugees had purchased or rented every form of transport on water or land. Some boats were expected to return soon. The refugees waited a week, a week of bitter cold, with nothing to eat but a little boiled rice. They found shelter in Chinese homes for the children, but there was no room for the adults. They huddled at the foot of walls and in doorways. There was always the hope

that a boat might come, always the fear that Jap troops might arrive first.

A salt boat beat the Japanese to Yei Chow by twenty hours, but as the refugees congratulated themselves on their escape Jap pursuit planes appeared. Art had all the occupants of his boat cover themselves with matting. The camouflage was successful. But the Japs sprayed the other boat with machine-gun bullets.

After ten days on the river, Art and his sons got rail transportation to Kweilin. He left his boys there with friends, and went on to Liuchow. His home had vanished. What the bombs had not destroyed had been taken away for firewood by the townspeople.

At the air base his comrades did not recognize him. Even when their minds were assured of his identity, Art could see that their eyes did not quite believe. No words, no memories, could quite bridge the gap between the man

they had known and the faceless man that confronted them now. At last they took him out to the little Air Force cemetery and showed him the grave of his wife. She had been the first and only woman ever to be buried in that place.

After many months of negotiation and delay in war-torn China, and more months of travel from Chungking to New York, Art arrived at a room in Harkness Pavilion. This was the room he left the other day after the bandages of his final operation had been removed.

The delicate stratagems of skin grafting and plastic surgery have given him a new face, but neither time nor change nor suffering has altered his purpose. It is, simply, to help drive the Japanese out of China — the same purpose that sent him to China thirteen years ago. I hope a kind fate lets Art Chan accomplish his purpose.



Caution:

LIBERAL institutions straightway cease from being liberal the moment they are soundly established: Once this is attained no more grievous and more thorough enemies of freedom exist than liberal institutions.

— FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Sociology

THE NEGRO AND THE NORTH

By EDWIN R. EMBREE

FOR generations the whole country has patterned its race relations after the prejudices of the South. In dealing with Negroes, people in Chicago and New York and San Francisco have bowed to taboos fixed by conditions of a hundred years ago in regions a thousand miles away. Yet in Northern cities, made up of people of every race and nationality, color prejudice is no more natural than discrimination against blond hair or big feet. Fortunately, the North is beginning to realize that such prejudice has no more place in democratic America than the hates of Europe.

This realization is growing not so much from a surge of brotherhood as from a desire for efficiency. We have seen the South bog down further and further by the waste motion and waste energy caused by prejudice: dual systems of schools and colleges in a section least able to support or man one system; segregated services in trains and busses and waiting rooms in a region least well equipped with pub-

lic services of any kind; learning and statesmanship frustrated by preoccupation with color bars; agriculture stifled by the inefficiency of tenancy and share cropping, which makes peons of twice as many whites as Negroes and does not even make prosperity for the owners; labor divided by racial clashes and industry hampered by having to give as much attention to caste as to production. The North has looked at the bankruptcy of the South, caused in part by the tribute paid to "the race problem;" it has seen its own efficiency impaired by following Southern custom, and is beginning to recognize that prejudice and discrimination just cost too much.

America has suffered enough already from letting the attitudes of a single small section influence the action of the whole nation. Even when faced by world conflict, we faltered in total preparedness because of our subjection to Southern custom. With defense industries clamoring for manpower to build ships and planes, to make munitions and all the materials of war, the skills and energies

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of hundreds of thousands of Negroes have not been used because most employers refused to hire colored workers in any but menial jobs. The cost of this waste of human resources in production and in morale has been incalculable. Not until the President issued an edict against discrimination in defense employment did many firms begin to utilize Negro manpower.

When we set out to draft all of our able-bodied young men to fight for democracy, we sacrificed total effectiveness to these same old prejudices. We put one-tenth of our fighting force into Jim Crow camps and Jim Crow units in every branch of the service, assigning many well-qualified men to menial tasks. While those who have been given combat duty have already made a striking record of bravery in this war—as Negroes have in all the previous battles of the nation—it would not be surprising if these undemocratic practices affected the Negro's will to fight. It is certainly true that, in general, the morale of the colored soldier is very low. How could it be otherwise when, to cite but one example, Negro soldiers on a troop train going through Texas find themselves sitting behind a Jim Crow curtain at one end of the dining car while a group of German war prisoners eat in the main section, together with the white Americans!

In little ways, as well as big, we have kowtowed to the ancient feudal feelings of the South. In New York City an authoritative pamphlet, *The*

Races of Mankind, prepared by leading scientists, was barred from the servicemen's centers. "It might be all right for us in New York," explained an official, "but you know they are very sensitive about race in the South." Even in cosmopolitan Hollywood, colored actors are seldom shown as anything but menials and comics, not because the movie producers are ignorant of Negro achievement, but because they "do not want to offend the South."

The heartening fact is that even in the South many people no longer share the ancient point of view. Hundreds of Southerners are devoting their careers to Negro schools and to interracial movements of various sorts. White teachers' groups in many Southern states are the chief sponsors of equal pay for Negro teachers. The Association of Southern Women for the Prevention of Lynching has publicly scorned the claim that lynching is necessary to their protection, pointing out the danger of mob violence to all the values of home and religion. In almost every Southern city committees of the Commission on Interracial Cooperation, composed of leading citizens of both races, meet regularly to protect Negro rights and to plan for the common community interests of both white and colored. An influential Southern journalist, Mr. Virginus Dabney of Richmond, recently proposed the repeal of Virginia's segregation laws on public carriers, on the grounds that these practices did not peacefully separate,

as originally intended, but now contributed to interracial friction and added an intolerable humiliation for the Negroes.

II

It is time for other sections of the country to declare their independence, to secede from the old patterns of discrimination. Through the long years the South has demanded that Northerners leave the South alone on the race question. "We Southerners will solve our problems in our own way," they said. Now the North is by way of taking up the same slogan. We are beginning to say to the South, "Keep out. Your traditions have no bearing on attitudes in the North. We will solve our race relations in our own way — the American way."

Each of America's four great wars has been fought for the idea of freedom. In each of them Negroes have climbed another mighty rung toward freedom and equality. The Revolutionary War fixed our minds on the rights of man. It started a development which ended slavery in all the Northern states and outlawed the further import of slaves. While the South continued a huge bootlegging of blacks, and while the world cotton industry brought an upsurge of the plantation and slavery, the Revolution set a tide toward freedom that was never wholly checked.

The Civil War brought emancipation and a national declaration of equal rights for all without regard to

race, creed, or color. It is true that, following a brief period of Reconstruction, the Southern states found ways to evade the national will. It is true that real freedom could not be created overnight by any edict for four million people who had never known anything but the abject dependence of slavery. Real independence had to be won by the freed men themselves — in education, health, economic competence, self-discipline, self-reliance. And ever since the Civil War, Negroes have been painfully but steadily climbing toward that independence.

The First World War gave the Negro his first big opportunity in industry and started the great migration out of the South. It is true that, after that war, there were race riots in Northern cities and fierce suppressions throughout the South. But the Negro had gained a new status. And he has been steadily building on it ever since.

The Second World War has given an opportunity for another advance toward democracy in America. It is true that the national Army and Navy have not thrown off the old pattern of segregation even in this life-and-death struggle. But the Army has enrolled nearly a million Negro youths and given them some combat duty on all fronts, including the thrilling and heroic air service. It has commissioned hundreds of colored officers, and in many of the officer-training camps, even in the South, it has forgotten all about segregation.

The Navy has recruited nearly a hundred thousand Negroes and has issued a few commissions.

In the non-military branches of war service, the Negro has been welcomed as never before. The war industries, following the Presidential edict against discrimination, have called into employment every able-bodied man, white or colored, and hundreds of thousands of women of all races, creeds, and colors. The CIO has stood from the beginning for equal membership of all workers. The AF of L, in spite of a long history of exclusion, is rapidly shifting in most of its affiliated unions to a common front for all labor. Even the Railway Brotherhoods, guardians of white supremacy in labor, are under attack both by the manpower authorities and by a large bloc of public opinion.

There are urgent reasons why the North and West must revise their racial attitudes now. In the first place, Negroes are no longer massed wholly in the South. Between one-quarter and one-third of all brown-Americans now live in the North and West. The 1940 Census reported 3,500,000 Negroes outside the Southern states. And the huge influx of workers to war industries during the past three years has raised that number to well over 4,000,000, out of a total Negro population of slightly less than 13,000,000. The big concentrations are no longer in the Southern rurals but in the Northern cities.

The single city of New York shows, in the 1940 Census, nearly 500,000

Negroes, equal to the total colored population of such typically Southern states as Arkansas and Tennessee. Chicago's 300,000 Negroes exceed the colored population of the whole states of Kentucky or Missouri. The last census lists eleven cities throughout the country with over 100,000 Negroes. Los Angeles reported 64,000 in 1940 and is estimated to have doubled that number during the last three years of war industry. San Francisco, which never had more than a small colored colony of two or three thousand, suddenly finds twenty-five to thirty thousand Negroes teeming about its war plants.

A second reason for a shift in attitude is that Negroes in the North have the vote and are using it. They hold the balance of power in many states and in just those states — New York, Pennsylvania, and the Middle West — which in turn hold the balance in national elections. Hard-headed politicians know what this means — as is amply proved by the frantic wooing of Negro favor by both parties. As Negroes learn to use their political power more skillfully, there is almost nothing that they cannot demand and get, both from the party in power and the party seeking power.

A third force is vague but powerful: a recognition of the new status of "colored" peoples throughout the world. This war covers the whole earth. Among the United Nations who will control the new world are men of every race and creed and

color. The Allies number some 250,000,000 "white men of the Western nations" — the United States and the British Commonwealth. But there are also 450,000,000 yellow Chinese; 350,000,000 brown men of India; 125,000,000 dark Malayan peoples of southeast Asia, the East Indies, Philippines, and other Pacific islands; 120,000,000 Latin Americans, many of whom are proud of their Indian and Negro ancestry as well as of their European blood; such millions from Africa and the Near East as can free

themselves for the struggle; and 190,000,000 Soviet Russians who are devoted not only to economic equality but to equality of all races and cultures.

Most of us have not let ourselves think of a world order in which these people will hold the power, not only of numbers, but of their rapidly developing industry and arms. But most of us know in our inner hearts that the heyday of the mastery of the earth by the "white man of Northern Europe and North America" is gone.

Medicine

MEDICAL TELESCOPES

BY ROBERT H. FELDT, M.D.

Two new medical telescopes have made diagnostic miracles possible today that were undreamed of a decade ago. One of them, the peritoneoscope, has increased diagnostic accuracy for abdominal diseases by 50 per cent. The other, the gastroscope, gives promise of reducing the appalling death rate of cancer of the stomach.

Diagnosis is scientific guess-work based on the physician's training and experience. In many disorders, 95 to 100 per cent accuracy is possible. But at times the combination of symptoms and findings points to two or more possible conditions. If these lie in the abdomen, an exploratory operation

may be necessary. Often the operation discloses a localized cancer, an ovarian tumor, or a diseased gall bladder, and removal of the organ cures the patient. But sometimes spreading cancer or other inoperable abnormalities are discovered, and then the exploratory operation will have been in vain.

The peritoneoscope eliminates the necessity for such operations in one-fourth to one-half of the patients. It does this by enabling the physician to peer directly into the abdomen. The only anesthetic required for the process is a shot of novocain into the skin just below the navel. A needle is then inserted and air is pumped in, ballooning the abdomen. This makes it easier to manipulate the peritoneoscope after it is introduced through a tiny nick in the skin.

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The instrument itself is about the size of two lead pencils placed end to end. It has a minute electric light bulb at the tip. By moving the peritoneoscope up and down and across, every corner of the abdomen can be studied. The whole procedure requires only a half hour. The air is then allowed to escape through the sheath of the instrument. One stitch suffices to close the incision.

The examination is so simple and painless that it can be performed on the desperately ill without danger. The peritoneoscope has been used on infants and octogenarians. So little discomfort results that one curious woman was able to look at her own insides while the peritoneoscope was in place. Although most patients remain in the hospital overnight, many are discharged the same day.

Perfection of this new instrument is due to Dr. John C. Ruddock of the University of Southern California. Direct visualization of the abdominal organs attracted some attention in Germany after the first World War, when Dr. George Kelling was able to make an accurate diagnosis by inserting a cystoscope through a small skin incision. But the cystoscope, long used for bladder examinations, did not prove entirely satisfactory for abdominal studies. It was not until Dr. Ruddock improved the instrument, ten years ago, that peritoneoscopy became popular.

Since then, thousands of patients have been helped by this diagnostic marvel. A California man, for ex-

ample, presented a chain of symptoms which suggested three possible causes, each requiring a different type of therapy. His main complaints were abdominal pain, fever and jaundice. Previously, a major exploratory operation would have been indicated. But through the peritoneoscope, Dr. Ruddock saw that the liver was acutely inflamed. With proper medical management, the patient recovered. An operation would have weakened him and jeopardized his chances of getting well.

Conversely, a middle-aged woman had all the symptoms of cancer of the uterus with spread to the liver. If the diagnosis was correct, surgery could not save her. On a hunch, Dr. Joseph E. Hamilton of the Louisville University Medical School decided to take a look through the peritoneoscope. He saw a normal uterus and a normal liver. A gallstone was found to be blocking a bile passage, and this had caused all her symptoms. The stone was removed by surgery, and the patient quickly recovered.

The peritoneoscope should prove invaluable in war. Not always is it possible to tell if gun-shot or stab wounds actually extend into the abdominal cavity. Other injuries may make an operation dangerous, and yet surgery is imperative if the intestine has been perforated. A quick decision can be made by peritoneoscopic examination and a hazardous operation avoided if the wound proves to be superficial.

The diagnostic accuracy of the

peritoneoscope has been sensational. Dr. Ruddock himself reports an accuracy rate of 94 per cent. Other doctors report that the use of the peritoneoscope has eliminated from 23 to 47 per cent of exploratory operations. Diagnostic triumphs like these have gradually led to the widespread adoption of peritoneoscopy. The technique can be mastered by any good doctor, and its use is not limited to specialists working in large city hospitals.

Dr. Ruddock, now a captain in the Medical Corps of the U. S. Navy, has himself performed 2500 examinations. The technique is applied in baffling cases at the Mayo Clinic. Favorable reports have appeared in the medical literature of many foreign countries.

Dr. T. N. Horan and Dr. C. G. Eddy, of Detroit, have developed a method of taking photographs in color through the peritoneoscope. These pictures become a part of the patient's record and are used for later study. The peritoneoscope can even be used for limited surgery. An abscess, for example, can be drained through the sheath of the 'scope, and minor adhesions can be cut with a tiny electric cautery knife fitted into the instrument.

Peritoneoscopy will never replace exploratory operations for certain cases. But it has been used diagnostically in a host of diseases, including appendicitis, bowel disorders, cancer, gall bladder disease, hernia, liver conditions, peritonitis and sterility. It has

saved immeasurable expense, pain and anguish by obviating thousands of operations. Often it can mean the difference between life and death.

II

Cancer of the stomach causes one-sixth of all cancer deaths in this country. It is a curable disease if diagnosed in the early stages, but only 15 per cent of such cancers are discovered soon enough to allow reasonable hope for surgical care.

Increased use of the gastroscope promises to brighten this dark picture. The instrument provides what doctors have long sought — a means of visualizing the interior of the stomach. Adolph Kussmaul, a German investigator, pioneered with a crude gastroscope seventy-five years ago. It was a rigid tube which he pushed down the patient's gullet by main force. The procedure was extremely painful, and there were other disadvantages which made the instrument wholly impractical.

A workable model had to be flexible in the lower half, to avoid danger of perforating the stomach wall. It would have to follow the natural curves of the throat and esophagus without causing pain. It would also have to allow free movement, so that every region of the stomach could be brought under scrutiny.

Such a model was finally devised in 1932 by Dr. Rudolph Schindler of Munich. The flexible part was fitted with a series of small lenses of

short focal distance, permitting unobstructed vision even though the tube was bent. An electric light placed in the end of the instrument provided illumination. The instrument won immediate approval in Europe. Shortly after this, Dr. Schindler, a political refugee, left Germany to settle in the United States.

The gastroscopic examination is so simple that the patient does not need to be hospitalized. Just before the instrument is introduced, the mouth and throat are painted with a local anesthetic. The 'scope can be swallowed as easily as a stomach tube. The procedure requires hardly more than a few minutes, and it is relatively painless.

The gastroscope is the only means of discovering those early cases of stomach cancer which are not revealed by X-ray examination. Men like Dr. W. A. Cooper, of the National Cancer Institute of the United States Public Health Service, urge the use of the gastroscope in every patient with suspected cancer of the stomach, if the X-ray findings are inconclusive.

A typical case was that of a Chicago man who had suffered gnawing abdominal pain which he thought was indigestion. The X-ray findings suggested the possibility of stomach ulcer. On gastroscopic examination, Dr. Schindler discovered a small inflamed and swollen area. Long experience told him that this was cancer, not ulcer, and he urged immediate surgery as the

only hope of cure. At operation the stomach appeared to be normal and the surgeon was reluctant to go further. Schindler was so sure of his ground that he insisted on sub-total removal of the organ. When the stomach was opened, a cancer less than one-half inch in diameter was found. It was one of the earliest stomach cancers ever removed.

The gastroscope is the only known instrument for making an accurate diagnosis of chronic gastritis, a fairly common disease. This is of basic importance, because a person with chronic gastritis (inflammation of the stomach) is three times as likely to develop a cancer as one with a normal stomach. The 'scope also has a use during treatment of ordinary stomach ulcer, for it can detect unhealed ulcers even though the usual symptoms have disappeared. In military medicine, moreover, it has shown that many dyspeptic soldiers hitherto classified as neurotic cases are actually suffering from such organic diseases as gastritis or ulcers.

Dr. Schindler now numbers some 250 American pupils — all proficient gastroscopists in their own right. Many have become teachers themselves, and post-graduate courses in gastroscopy are offered at the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University, the New York Medical College, the Hahnemann Medical College and the medical school of Temple University.



THE ECONOMIC FUTURE OF THE TROPICS

BY CHARLES MORROW WILSON

A GIGANTIC and fateful contest looms between the Western and the Eastern tropics — between the great, unexploited Latin American tropics and the vast lush South Pacific area temporarily held or blockaded by Japan. It is a contest for survival for at least a third of a billion tropical peoples which will affect the economic life of the entire globe. If allowed to develop without far-sighted and intelligent direction, it may degenerate into ruthless cartel anarchy heading for ultimate decisions by force. The alternatives are abundance or war, and the decision rests inescapably with the United States.

Whether we like it or not, we shall referee the struggle. Our country regularly absorbs more than half the tropical products in international trade — normally 55 to 60 per cent — and therefore has the means to keep the tropics, Eastern and American, from becoming infection areas of world conflict.

The situation presents a supreme challenge to American business statesmanship. Many of the crops which have made the Pacific area so

crucial to global economy are indigenous to the American tropics. Yet during the 1930's the United States purchased about 94 per cent of its essential tropical imports from the Eastern hemisphere, less than 6 per cent from its own hemisphere. The long neglect which has given the South Pacific a virtual monopoly, protected by cartel diplomacy and financial imperialism, has been broken by the war. Latin America and the Pacific area face the certainty of a great competition, and our own country cannot evade the duty and the opportunity of formulating policy.

The folly of our neglect of Latin America was headlined in blood during the first quarter of 1942, when Japan seized nearly 3,000,000 square miles of Eastern tropical lands. The conquered area included the established sources of about 77 per cent of all tropical commodities then in international trade. Among them were rubber, quinine, Manila fiber, various strategic timbers, vegetable insecticides, most medicinal plants, and other staples produced only in the tropics and necessary both in peace

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and war. The Japs realistically rated this gigantic tropical loot, valued in tens of billions of dollars, as the greatest military victory of history. In losing the source of more than 90 per cent of our rubber, quinine, palm oils and marine fibers alone, we had taken a tremendous backslide toward defeat, since these are four of the commodities without which modern wars cannot be won.

Frenziedly, and in many instances brilliantly, several of our Federal war agencies began introducing or returning some of the lost crops to our neglected neighbors in the American tropics. An experienced handful of our own tropical agronomists were aided in this task by governments and able citizen farmers of the other Americas. In two brief years, despite great handicaps, they are already producing and supplying us with important quantities of these indispensable and otherwise unavailable tropical commodities.

The rapidity of this achievement spotlights the fact that the two decisive tropical spheres hold productive powers which can do much to feed and rehabilitate a war-blasted world. The tropics can and do produce practically all useable crops. Moreover, the soil is productive throughout the year — in contrast to the average growing season of around 110 days in temperate zones. And in the tropics, one man's labor applied to natural resources is far more productive than comparable efforts anywhere else.

Luckily for us, all principal tropical

crops are interchangeable between the two hemispheres. Tens of thousands of acres in the American tropics are now producing crops that formerly came from the South Pacific. These include citronella, lemon grass and other essence oils; the now indispensable vegetable insecticide called rotenone; medicinal plants like the South American cinchona tree, which provides quinine; the important abacá or Manila hemp plant, which supplies the fiber for ropes and hawsers needed by our navy and merchant marine. Central America has developed more than 33,000 acres of improved abacá plantings, some of which are already producing bigger yields of better fibers than were known in the Philip-pines.

Millions of bud-grafted Brazilian Hevea rubber trees are being planted in a dozen countries of the American tropics. It will take six to twelve more years to bring these trees to profitable bearing, but there is no longer any scientific doubt that the number-one rubber crop can be grown here. Experimental plantings of strategic timbers from the other hemisphere, such as cork, teak and East Indian rosewoods, are thriving in the American tropics, though they will not reach harvest age for another twenty or thirty years. Palm oil crops, which we use extensively for manufacturing soaps, paints, explosives and other essential products, are also being planted in the Americas, where uncounted millions of acres of native palm crops still await processing.

II

The twenty-five principal tropical crops are economic mainstays to about a third of a billion people — roughly eighty million in the American tropics and 250 million in the Far East tropics. Perpetuation and development of these tropical exports is obviously essential to their welfare and stability. But this can be achieved by only one real and practical force — business statesmanship of the United States. It cannot be done by noble sentiments or 17-carat words. Neither can it be accomplished by building up one great tropical sphere at the expense of the other, on the theory of saving our side of the earth and “to hell with everyone else.”

The job ahead for our business statesmanship is to establish a realistic balance. For obvious reasons our hemisphere should produce in some measure all the strategic tropical crops which can be grown effectively in the American tropics. This, however, does not require that we exclude all importations from proved and existing sources in the other hemisphere. Our production need simply be sufficient so that another war will not find the Americas again wholly or principally cut off from indispensable tropical supplies.

The global war has proved the life-saving advantages of having strategic tropical goods readily available to our factories by land, sea and air. At the same time, it has enabled us to appreciate how important the great tropical

crops are to our American neighbors. For example, if one-eightieth part of our minimum natural rubber requirements could be purchased in Haiti, the export trade of that country would be doubled. Similarly, if one-third our peacetime requirements of Manila fiber could be bought from Nicaragua, the export trade of that neighbor would be doubled.

The bold fact remains that Latin America simply cannot endure wage competition with the Far East. The Sumatra rubber coolie had a Dutch-approved wage ceiling of 17 cents per day. In southern China the farm wage is around 7 cents per day, and the government-sanctioned Javanese sugar wage ran from 6 to 11 cents per day. The Eastern tropics remain coolie lands, overcrowded by fantastically poor people eager to work for a mere pittance, and somewhat bypassed by the Atlantic Charter.

Deplorably low wages still linger in some parts of Latin America. Ecuador farm workers, in some sections, can still be hired for 20 cents a day. But these figures are fortunately no longer typical. On the better banana plantations of Central America, average wages have kept pace with U. S. farm wages. Puerto Rican and Cuban sugar wages are now set at a minimum of \$1.25 per day, and Hawaiian sugar wages are up to \$4.50 for women and children. Yet the sugar industry, even with the prevailing low retail prices, is flourishing.

Able businessmen are certainly not alarmed by the upward climb of

Latin American wages. They know that the cheapest labor is rarely, if ever, a bargain. They know that most of the important tropical crops have now reached the technical and mechanized stages where skilled labor is indispensable, and that such skills must be paid for accordingly.

The realistic businessman knows, too, that the majority of workers in the American tropics are capable of mastering these skills quickly. In the Philippines, which grew about 95 per cent of the world's abacá or Manila fiber, this strategic crop had always been produced by low-paid hand labor. In Central America, when mechanical mills were first used for stripping and sorting of the fibrous stalks, wages were about ten times the Philippine level. Nevertheless, mechanical stripping brought the fiber costs within sight of the Philippine averages.

Similar adaptability is found among workers in the highly mechanized banana centers of Central America. Farm laborers previously familiar only with such primitive tools as the machete or the hand hoe learn to operate a tractor in three to seven weeks, and an automobile in a week. From first-hand observation I am convinced that the labor supply is generally adaptable to the needs of modern technical agriculture. Even so, however, we simply cannot evaporate the huge differentials which still favor the Eastern tropics so heavily.

To some degree geography helps effect a balance. America's tropics are

physically close to the decisive U. S. markets, with many important farm centers actually closer to our southern ports than New York is to San Francisco. Mexico and most of Central America are becoming accessible by highway as well as sea and air. The Inter-American Highway and its branches may soon open land trade routes into much of South America. But American transportation wage structures are pegged much higher than those of British, Dutch, Jap and Scandinavian shipping services, which served and will again serve the Far Pacific.

Other items of natural history also support Latin America's competitive chances. First of these is rich soil: as an over-all proposition, American tropical soils are superior to those of the Pacific. Second, America's tropics as a whole are still underpopulated, with an average of about 9 persons per square mile as compared with about 116 for the more habitable Pacific tropics (and 44.2 for the United States). Third, hundreds of millions of acres of rich land remain undeveloped. Of more than four million square miles of earth crust included in the American tropics, less than one-thirtieth have been put in cultivation.

By contrast, most of the good lands of the Eastern tropics have long since been in cultivation. In the more coveted areas of the East Indies and Malaya, all desirable land is taken and ordinarily is useable only on high rental lease and at high tax rate. In

the American tropics, land taxes are slight to non-existent. Average yearly rentals collected for Hevea land of British Malaya, in fact, are enough to purchase outright the richer Hevea lands in Brazil.

Another factor favoring America's tropics is the possibility of better marketing. For generations, extravagant brokerage systems have been among the graver drawbacks to efficient agriculture in India, Africa, Madagascar, Malaya and other Eastern hotlands. The fantastic multiplication of dealers' profits is further aggravated by the peasant grower's usual inability to process his product well. For instance, a hillside peasant in Madagascar plants lemon grass, harvests it by hand and distills it in a home-made still daubed with mud. The resulting oil is heavily polluted and unmarketable. So the coolie sells it for a few pennies to the local storekeeper, who resells to the local dealer, who reprocesses the oil. The local buyer must recoup a profit when he sells to the big oil buyer in the city. As a result of further reprocessing and reselling, the price paid by the soap manufacturer in Cincinnati is probably twenty or more times the amount received by the original producer in Madagascar.

Similar abuses and vagaries exist in the American tropics, but on the whole they are not classic nor unavoidable. Current experiments clearly indicate that America's tropics offer many bright opportunities for the development of cooperative associa-

tions of farm producers and farm consumers. Such cooperatives can develop efficient processing plants to help make member-grown crops saleable. They can reduce unit production costs and bring to the small farm at least some of the advantages of efficient mechanical methods. With the aid of U. S. business talent, these cooperative advantages can be realized throughout the American tropics.

III

More and better research is another white hope. Heretofore, the backlog of agronomic research available to the American tropics has been pitifully small. But during the past five years more research has been effected than during the preceding century. Practically all of this research, moreover, is for the public benefit. The Netherlands Indies' tropical research has long been a world leader, but the greater part of it was privately subsidized by individual planters or by limited membership groups. The current research efforts of our Department of Agriculture (and its excellent Tropical Experiment Station in Puerto Rico), the Lancetilla Experiment Center of Honduras, the Coffee Experiment Stations of Colombia, the Experimental Farm of Guatemala, Trinidad's Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture, and the Mexican, Brazilian and other government research enterprises are generally available to Americans.

There is a good chance, therefore, that the war's end will see America's

tropics reasonably well apace with the Pacific in terms of basic agricultural research. For we now know that the bloodthirsty proponents of a new order for South Asia are not superdupers in tropical agriculture. Military intelligence reports poor maintenance and frequent outright abandonment of both public and private agricultural experiment stations in Java, Sumatra and Malaya. As an instance, the Cinchona Institute reports that thousands of acres of the famous cinchona or quinine orchards of Java have been lost for lack of careful attention to the young trees. This clearly predicts an acute shortage of Far East quinine ten years from today, and further discredits Jap competence in tropical agriculture.

There is good reason to believe that Japanese occupation will increasingly injure the agricultural establishments of the South Pacific. America's tropics, on the other hand, have been spared the violence of war, and hence the agronomies of the two tropical spheres may be more evenly matched. After the war, the Netherlands Indies should still retain the nucleus of their renowned leadership in tropical botanists, pathologists and general agronomists. There will be greater opportunities for cooperation between the two spheres in terms of exchange of plant materials, interlocking of breeding programs and interchange of technological developments.

Since the tropics are certain to become ever more important to world

trade, the globe-circling contest in production is inevitably our "business." We can no longer remain "commercially neutral" as a nation, while our manufacturers of rubber, drugs and other indispensable goods conspire and merge with alien cartels. Neither can we resurrect the corpse of dollar diplomacy, or foal great corporations to establish the desired production in the American tropics. These tropics belong to their own citizens; the success of any *bona fide* agriculture requires the toil, planning and profit of the individual farmer.

At the same time, the United States cannot abandon its trade and relations with the Eastern tropics, since America's tropics cannot straight off supply all our needs. Thus as a business nation and a major power, we are both economically and morally bound to maintain a rational equity in our decisive tropical imports. This responsibility can be fulfilled only so long as honorable business and competent statesmanship work and plan together for the common good.

A just proportioning of tropical imports should be based on specific soil resources, climate, labor supplies and other conditions prevailing in the various producing areas, in relation to the volume and urgency of U. S. needs. For example, an equitable division of imports of essential oils might now be half from the American tropics and half from the Far East. Natural rubber — as of 1950 — might be divided into 20 per cent from the American tropics, 8 per cent from

tropical Africa, and 72 per cent from the Pacific.

In the beginning, such ratios might take the form of general directives — as presented by respected authorities, not absolute rules. All should be revisable at intervals of say three to perhaps fifty years, depending on the life-span of the given crop and other factors. Within practical bounds, each tropical country could be encouraged to develop the maximum number of export crops. All this need not be “international WPA-ing” or any facsimile of it. It can and must be business statesmanship based on the fact that the United States is the decisive buyer

of most tropical exports.

Actually, we have a proved machinery for effecting such a just and efficient system. This is the often-mentioned reciprocal trade treaty or agreement, which is by far the most enlightened of our treaty relationships. The reciprocal trade agreement can serve to match import needs with export needs. It can produce a two-way traffic in beneficial trade, and thus help create post-boundary benefits from improved living standards within the United States or any other country. Its technique is inherently constructive. Already its initial record is promising and sound.



FAREWELL TO A SOLDIER

A Story

BY MARGARET T. QUINN

THE shaft of sunlight with its dancing pattern of dust struck across her closed eyelids. She frowned and turned her head irritably to evade its insistent light. But her consciousness had been aroused. She felt the discomfort of bone and flesh pressed overlong in one position. She flung out an arm, encountering the solid bulk of her husband beside her. With one movement she turned, her body fitting into the familiar curves of his. Without waking he accommodated his position to her nearness, bending his knee that her bent knee might rest against it, shifting his arm as her arm slipped over him. Thus full consciousness came to her, as on so many mornings in the past.

Her thoughts started their early morning review, yet behind them some heavy dread tugged at her memory. Something is going to happen to me today, she thought, something that has hung over me for a long time. Her thoughts darted here and there trying to find a solution. The sound of her husband's regular

breathing annoyed her. She wondered: how can he sleep like that while I lie here and worry? Wouldn't you think after all these years there would be some bond between us that would pull at his senses when mine are stirred? Fretfully she moved, hoping to waken him.

Then it came to her. He's going into the Army today! This very day! There will be no more looking ahead, first to a month, then to a week, then to three days, two days. It is here. And what am I feeling?

I must love him. Love, my God, what a word! When you are young you think it is something magical and mystical between two people. Then you meet somebody. Chance and circumstance combine to draw you together. You marry, hardly knowing why. Then you discover that if life is to be bearable you must learn the hardest lesson of all: to compromise with your ideals.

She reviewed her own bitter moments of disillusionment, seeking out the least forgivable aspects of Jim's

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character. There he lay beside her, insensitive as a clod of earth, now, on this morning, this last morning, before he leaves. Tears, always close to the surface, came into her eyes. Self-pity flooded her. . . . He doesn't love me enough, not in the way I want to be loved. What has he ever taught me of passion? He takes me quickly, as he takes his food, and when he has finished he is done with it . . . a weekly ritual, speechless and in the dark. . . . She repeated the phrase, struck with its poignancy. That's good, she thought. . . . My God what a monster of heartlessness I am! Today he leaves me — maybe forever! And here I lie, coining apt phrases as I draw up an indictment against *him* for coldness!

Then reaction took hold of her thinking. In remorse she rested her cheek against his back and kissed him softly. He was so good in so many ways, generous, oh, not only with money, but with — what was it? — his soul? He never held any of her petty angers against her. He seemed to be able, not so much to forgive them, as to wipe them from his mind. While she stored up in her memory every cause for grievance he had ever given her. Why, she could remember now things he had said or done that had hurt her eight, ten years back, oh, even before they were married. And she dragged them out whenever she wanted something to berate him with. In a burst of shame she admitted to herself: he is much bigger than I am.

The urgent ring of the alarm clock startled her. She jumped out of bed to turn it off, thankful that it had put a period to her thoughts. She turned from the bureau, and walked over deliberately to her husband's side. She stood, looking down at him, trying to fix indelibly in her memory the exact appearance he wore at that moment. She noticed the shape of his head, the relaxation of his features, the abandon of his sleeping body. For a long moment she regarded him . . . until he turned over on his back and opened his eyes.

II

"Did the alarm go off?" He seemed to find nothing strange in her position.

"Yes, dear, it's eight o'clock." She walked around the bed to her own side and got in. Don't say anything. Wait. He hasn't remembered yet. She lay quietly by his side in a turmoil of confused emotions. It seemed an endless time before he turned, and as he took her in his arms she knew he had remembered.

"How long have you been awake?"

"Not long. I only woke a little before the alarm rang." She was proud of the honest firmness in her voice, despite the tremor at the back of her throat.

Jim bent his head the better to see her face. He gave her a long look until his eyes struck up a shyness in her. To avoid them she put her arms around his neck and buried her face in its hollow. Thus they lay for a long

time, he saying nothing, an enigma to her as ever. What is he thinking? she wondered. She knew he was sorry for her, had a deep concern for her circumstances, but for their life together, their love, he had only a surface feeling. He lived his man's life. And now he was going out to a world of men in action. She knew he already felt a part of it, and, while he tried to hide it from her, was impatient of the delays before he could be gone. Oh, yes, he had been tender to her last night. She held closely the memory of each soft word, of every caressing gesture. But she wanted something more . . . greater assurance . . .

"It won't be long, sweetheart, before I'm home again. Only two months or so." He shook her gently to get some response.

"Yes, I know." She felt contemptuous of his feeble effort at consolation. Didn't he know what she wanted him to say? That he was mad about her, that he wouldn't know a happy moment till he was with her again. . . .

"What time is it, Jim?"

"Plenty of time," he said. "The train doesn't leave till ten-thirty. If we start at ten we'll be O. K. Listen, are you satisfied with everything? Sure you have plenty of money to hold you over? Did I do everything you wanted done?"

There he was, putting everything on a good, sound, material basis. These were the things that concerned him in relation to her: money, time, chores. Not her mind, or her heart, or her deep need for reassurance. . . .

Then a wave of regret hit her. Oh, for once in your life can't you forget about yourself? Think of Jim. Be gay. Kid him about the tough training, about having to do K. P. Make this morning a happy one, so that he'll take away with him the memory of your joyous comradeship.

She reached up and kissed him. "Everything's fine, Jim, and I have plenty of money. Don't worry about me. Just write to me often. Are you sure you'll get a leave in two months?"

"Well, that's what they promised."

"Then you'll be home in June."

"See, that's not so long. Then we'll have ourselves a vacation, go swimming, have picnics. Maybe we can bundle the kids off to Mother for a few days and take a little trip. Where would you like to go?"

"Oh, Jim, that's too far off. I can't think that far. I can't think past ten-thirty this morning."

He said nothing, but held her tighter. Then he released her, kissing her with a finality from which she could coax no comfort.

She got out of bed and walked over to the bureau, opened a drawer and selected fresh underwear. She heard him strike a match. His casual adherence to his regular morning habits infuriated her. There he lay, smoking a cigarette as if this morning were just like every other. She longed to lash out at him. Years ago she would have.¹

She put on her clothes quickly, knowing that his mind was far away from the white curves of her body.²

"Say, Nan, how about letting the

kids come in while you're getting breakfast?"

"All right, Jim. I imagine they're awake, anyway." She sat down at the dressing table to comb her hair. She saw how many more white hairs there were than when she had last noticed them. By the time he's back I may be white, she thought, and she saw a picture of herself walking to meet him with a young, happy face, and a beautiful blue-white hair-do.

She walked over to the closet and took her tan jersey off the hanger. She hated to get breakfast in it, but at the table this morning she wanted to look her best. She pulled on the dress, and smoothed it down over her hips. Out of the corner of her eye she saw that Jim was still placidly, at intervals, pulling on his cigarette. . . . Would I have been happier with another man? she wondered for a moment. What would it have been like being married to Stan? He was a heel, I suppose, but the things he used to say to me! They tore the heart right out of my body. She remembered one magical night — "to drink thy whole soul through thy lips, like sunlight drinking dew." He had quoted it easily, naturally. Not at all like Jim, who was embarrassed by the very word "poetry."

She sighed as she turned to leave.

"Haven't you got a kiss for a fella?" he pleaded.

At once her heart, confused but instinct with tenderness, turned over inside her body. She crossed to the bed and fell on her knees by Jim's side. Her

head on Jim's shoulder, her arms about his neck, she abandoned herself to a wild burst of tears. She knew her weeping dismayed him. He tried ineffectually to comfort her. He patted her back, pressed his lips to her head.

"Darling, it's not as bad as all that. Listen to me. I'll be coming home in a couple of months, and then we'll have a grand time. After the basic training I'll probably get leave every few weeks. And I'm too old for combat duty. I'll probably spend the duration in some God-forsaken camp somewhere in the sticks. Maybe we can even arrange it so that you and the kids can live nearby. Don't cry like that, sweetheart."

"Oh, I know you hate this sort of thing, Jim, but I couldn't help it. I'm O. K. now. I'll get the children up, and send them in to you." At the same time she suddenly became confused again with the feeling that he really didn't know all the reasons why she was crying . . . for unrealized dreams, for broken hopes, for loneliness . . .

III

She went out of the room and across the hall to the nursery. The children were awake, excited because the day promised them variety and departure from routine.

"Come on, kids. Hurry and dress, and you can go in to Dad till breakfast time." She kissed them each in turn and went over to the chest of drawers to assemble their clothes.

"What's for breakfast?" Johnny

wanted to know. He pulled his garments one by one from her hands, not willing to wait until they had been gathered together. Jimmy stood quietly by, content to watch her until his clothes had been handed to him. She noted again how different the two boys were. How was she going to handle these two personalities? Jim had arbitrated so many of their differences. His authority had always stood, firm and final, behind her. . . . But now?

"Mum, didn't you hear me? What are we going to have for breakfast?"

"Oh, a specially nice breakfast today. Sausages and eggs and muffins; everything you like. Now there are your things and be sure you hear me call, so that I shan't have to come up after you."

She walked downstairs thinking of the problem the children were going to be without Jim. She accused herself for the thousandth time. What a rotten mother I am! I don't deal with them consistently. I'm over-indulgent. But we do have good times.

She hurried about the task of getting the meal, a routine so familiar that it occupied only her hands.

How will the food at camp suit Jim? she wondered. He's used to carefully prepared meals, nicely served. And food means a lot to him. How she had resented that when she was first married! Oh, there were lots of things Jim was going to miss. He hadn't realized it yet. He was so absorbed with his dream of being a soldier, of having a part in the man's job of war.

. . . She didn't fool herself. She knew that Jim too had his dreams, many of them, perhaps like hers, unrealized. Well here he was, about to test the illusion of one of them.

She walked over to open one of the windows. The oven was making the kitchen uncomfortable. She stood a moment by the window, looking out over the fields. How thrilled she had been when they had first bought the farm! "Farm" . . . the very word had embodied a dream she had had since childhood. She had pictured herself in indestructible tweeds and stout oxfords, tramping the country with Jim beside her . . . until she found that she couldn't cajole Jim from his own garden.

Her roving eye lighted on the little stone house that was their nearest neighbor. She thought of its occupant, and as always the thought of him did something to her. It dissolved the years, and the children, and Jim. She was young again and on the make. She thought of all the stories she had read of seduction. Ye gods, the men she knew were all as monogamous as hell! . . . God, to be wanted again as a woman, an individual, and not as a mother, a cook, or a habit!

The doorbell rang and she remembered that she had told Jenny to come at nine o'clock. She probably wouldn't be able to afford Jenny now.

"See, Ah got heah on time, Mis' Mastahs."

"Yes, so you did, Jenny. Breakfast is about ready, too. I set the table last night, so all you'll have to do is to

take up the things. I'll call them."

She went past Jenny to the foot of the stairs. "Breakfast, boys." She raised her voice and called them a second time. She heard the thumps of a roughhouse going on in the bedroom. No use calling again. She'd have to go up.

She climbed the stairs irritably, and walked over to the doorway. She couldn't see Jim for the mad disarray of the bedcovers. The boys were trying wildly to pull him out of bed. She was ashamed because in her thoughts she had betrayed them. How horrified Jim would be if he knew what went on in her mind. In a nice sort of way, without being stuffy, he believed in all the American shibboleths: the sanctity of the home, the moral superiority of women. She could imagine no circumstances through whose force he would be unfaithful to her. She smiled inwardly, condescendingly, at his simplicity. He had no conception of her capabilities.

"Don't you people want any breakfast? Jim, you're not even dressed yet."

"Come on kids, or Mother'll skin us alive." Now he was playing the game of being just another naughty boy along with the children. How that annoyed her!

Jim grabbed his bathrobe, and, still roughhousing, the three of them ran downstairs. She stood still a moment, looking at the impression Jim's head had left on the pillow. When I get back, she thought, Jenny will have made the bed. I may never see that hollow shaped print again. . . .

By the time she reached the dining room they were waiting impatiently for her. Jenny brought in the fruit, and breakfast proceeded as on any other morning, the children monopolizing the scene. Today they were interested only in their father's life at camp. What kind of guns would he get? How long were the hikes? Would he live in a tent? She saw that Jim was enjoying himself, and she let them alone. Her own mind built up a romantic farewell. Perhaps just at the last moment, before he boarded the train, he would say something beautiful to her. He *had* said some nice things to her when they were first married. She recalled them wistfully: "I guess, Nan, this must be what they call ecstasy." . . . She was struck with the incongruity of her thoughts to the reality before her. She had to rouse herself as from a dream to shake them off.

"Jim, you'd better hurry and get shaved and dressed. I'll get the car out."

"O. K., Nan. Come on kids, you can come up with me if you behave yourselves."

She went out to the kitchen, taking her jacket from the closet as she passed. She walked out the back door to the barn. If she wanted a garden this year she was going to have to get at it right away. She surveyed the difficulties that she would have without Jim. I'll manage, though, she thought. Practical problems she could always solve. It was the emotional, the spiritual questions that defeated her.

She unlocked the barn door, got in the car, started it, and backed it out to the driveway. She sat in the driver's seat awhile, noticing the signs of spring in her garden: the willow tree with its fuzzy, green-gold circumference, the round, hard knobs on the dogwoods, the patches of incredible green that the garlic laid on the lawn. What would spring be like without Jim? They did work well together. . . . I'd better go in, and see what's keeping him. I'll bet he's lost something. She had started to get out of the car when he opened the door. The two boys ran out beside him. He picked each one up and hugged and kissed him soundly.

"Take care of Mother, now, and I'll see you in June."

IV

His trite words violated some sentimental necessity inside her. Well, what would you want him to do? she asked herself, weep all over them? She climbed back into the car. With a heave Jim threw his suitcase in the back, and took his place in the driver's seat. He started the car and drove off.

"I'm going to miss those two monkeys."

And what of me? Have you nothing to say to me?

"Yes, Jim, I think you will. I'm glad they're both at school."

"Nan, you must go into the city more often while I'm away. Leave the kids with Jenny and have some fun."

Fun, without a man!

"Oh, I'll be all right. The garden and canning will keep me busy all summer. I'm not going to look any further ahead than that."

"That's the spirit. Say, did you know they got Schmidt's boy in this draft? Wonder what the old man thinks about it. . . . Look at the cars!"

They had reached the little railroad station in Byerwood, and the circular driveway that skirted the tracks was crowded with cars. It seemed incredible that in that countryside so many families could be found with men of the necessary age and health to satisfy the army. Jim pulled up beside some forsythia bushes, and she put her arm out and touched their yellow petals. He reached over and took hold of her other hand as it lay on her knee. They sat there silently for a long time, but it was a comfortable silence, and for once she was content with it.

Jim looked at her long and intently. It was a look she never liked to meet. It shook the certainty of her estimate of him.

"We've gone through lots of experiences together, haven't we?"

"Yes, Jim, but I think this is the worst." . . . Is it? Remember the depression, when he was out of work? This wrench is nothing to the long, monotonous misery of those weeks.

She saw George Daniels heading over toward them. Don't come here, she begged. Jim had seen him too.

"Come on, Nan, let's get out. I'm not up to old George this morning."

They climbed out on the far side of the car, and walked over to the deserted end of the platform. The train was pulled up, and the engineer already raising steam.

She looked down along the platform at the scattered groups of people, each one with a youth at its center. She noticed an isolated couple close to them, a boy and girl, scarcely beyond high-school age. He had his arm around her, and his head was bent over hers. Nan thought of the boy, wounded, dying, of the girl getting a telegram. But, if you never come back to her, Nan told the boy in her heart, remember, "Forever shalt thou love, and she be fair." For Jim and me the magic is gone. My grief for him would not be whole or unalloyed. . . . And that seemed to her the most tragic element in this leave-taking. . . . Or, would I forget his inadequacies, as people seem to do of the dead? . . . Woman, this is the time to give, to be generous; not to hold out greedily for the satisfaction of your meanest instincts. . . .

"Jim, darling," she said, and she put her arms around him and laid her head on his shoulder. She felt his hesitation, and she smiled gently at it. She knew that embracing in public violated his deepest instincts. But when his arms did come round her she was conscious of the solid strength of his feeling for her. She knew that it had nothing to do with romance, or passion, or the ephemeral, surface aspects of their life together. It was compounded of troubles through which they had comforted each other,

of long, weary nights when they had lain wakeful beside each other, listening to the sick cries of one of the children, of sparkling days when they had worked side by side, making a home of the delapidated farm they had bought. And she thought, What is romance beside this feeling he has for me? A cheap thing that depends on moonlight and sexual potency . . .

And even when, kissing her good-bye, he said, "See you in June," she felt no resentment against him. Yes, Jim, she thought, I shall see you in June. Maybe it will be June of another year. But whatever happens meanwhile can make no difference between us. You may come home with your strength broken. It won't matter. Not as it would to that boy and girl who have nothing as yet but their senses to hold them together. . . .

The train was now slowly pulling out of the station. She saw the young, laughing faces gathered at the windows. Why is it, she thought, that when they are young and confident of life's power to satisfy them they hold life cheapest; while the older men, who have learned that life is a delusion, are so reluctant to risk it?

She turned her back on the receding train. She walked over to her car, got in, started it, and drove away. She could not visualize Jim in a camp. She thought of him as eternally seated in a train speeding away from her. She tried to hold fast to the high level of her thinking, but, reluctant though she was, the old issues settled heavily on her heart.

YOU, TOO, CAN BE A LITERARY GENIUS

BY ADOLPH E. MEYER

IN days gone by if anyone yearned to devote his life to the writing of beautiful literature he always had to learn his craft the hard way. The road to the heights, as everybody knew, was long and steep, and it was also solitary. But today all this has been changed. Not only have the psychologists and pedagogues taken most of the rough spots out of the highway traversed by the literary apprentice, but cruising along its lanes are squadrons of experts who, for a fee, are always on duty to help a nascent man of letters to fame and fortune.

Some of them, known as Literary Counselors, run swanky offices, where for \$5 to \$25, they dispense personal advice to aspiring Conrads and Shelleys. Others, giving themselves even more unstintingly, operate special schools for that very purpose. Flourishing in every corner of the land, these range from modest one-man shrines to vast seminaries manned by large staffs of "highly paid experts" who, by mail, disseminate their instruction to thousands of literary novices at anywhere from \$25 to a couple of hundred dollars a head.

That the aims of literary counseling are high is plain. Says Melvin W. Chrissgau, B.C.S., B.S.L., and "counselor and advisor to the creative writer":

Everywhere there is growing evidence of America's unsatisfied hunger for finer literature, poems and stories that radiate man's nobility. . . . To meet this ever-rising demand great writers must be discovered and trained. . . . They can be found in millions of homes, in shops, in factories and offices. . . . Today they toil in the legion of silent and unknown men. Tomorrow they can be the world's most eloquent literary masters.

That this is not idle rhetoric has been proved by Brenda Ueland, author of *If You Want to Write*, and a Writer's Advisor of the first magnitude. After years of experimenting on "stenographers, housewives, salesmen, cultivated people, and little servant girls who had never been to high school," she was able to give the New Science its first and basic law, namely: "Everybody is talented, original and has something important to say."

As might be expected, a first-rate Literary Counselor must also be a first-rate Analyzer. Not only must he

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be able to make a scientific Literary Analysis, but he must also know how to make an Author Analysis. For this purpose he uses the Writing Aptitude Test. Known also as the Creative Ability Test, the Writer's Natural Ability Test, the Author's Analysis Test, the Literary Qualification Analysis Test, and the Talent-Finding Service, it is employed by every scientific Literary Counselor, as well as by most of the nation's larger literary training stations, such as Writers' Markets & Methods, the Supervised Story-Writing School, and the Newspaper Institute of America.

Up to a short time ago most of the Author Analysis Tests were very much alike. Then one day the Newspaper Institute of America discovered its Seventeen Indicators of Aptitude, and ever since the Institute has been without an equal as an analyzer:

What are you doing — what do you hope to be able to do with the talent you feel you have? Are you never again going to attempt to find out if yours is the divine gift? . . . You haven't a thing to lose. But you DO have money and fame to gain — if you will sit down now and fill in . . . the Writing Aptitude Test.

Not only did the Seventeen Indicators make all the existing Author Analysis Tests look childish and unscientific, but they even furnished exact plumb bobs for such things as Your Tastes, Your Inclinations, Your Eye for Minute Details, Your Background, Your Feeling for the Apt Word, and Your Ambitions.

To be of any value, however, an

Author Analysis must furnish a precise index of a man's writing talent. This has been made astonishingly simple by Dr. Charles T. White, "novelist, lecturer and practical psychologist," who has discovered the L Q, or Literary Quotient. "It enables us to size up the writer at a glance," he explains. More involved, but also much more scientific is the Uzzell Formula, invented by Thomas Uzzell, once an Instructor in Fiction Writing at NYU:

The formula you are to use in securing your literary ability rating is as follows:

$$\frac{(MA + S) A}{200} = CS$$

MA means mental ability; S means sophistication; A means application; CS stands for chances of success.

If you score no less than 70 out of a possible 100 the Uzzell Formula marks you as an "authentic genius." With a score of 30, "you can earn money."

Like all delvers into the recesses of the human psyche the scientific appraisers of literary talent raise a good many questions, as witness:

Are you interested in becoming a novelist? Short story writer? Poet? Playwright?

Are you interested in all kinds of people? Or just some?

Do you desire to write like Sinclair Lewis? Dreiser? Hemingway? Pearl Buck? Emerson? Dumas? Hugo? Longfellow?

Do you use tobacco in any form?

Do you use alcohol? other stimulants?

Do you laugh easily?

Do you think things through to the end?

What is your general health? Have you any skin disorders?

Different schools, of course, ask different questions. Supervised Story-Writing School of New York, in its haste to fulfill the promise of its motto "Enter . . . BEGINNER, Exit . . . SELLING WRITER," has time for only twenty-eight questions. But these are top-notchers and call for information about "your psychological make-up," whether your parents are living or dead, and "your reaction to the members of the other sex." Glory, a Chicago school which concentrates on showing the novice how to write lovely verse, asks:

Do you see where others do not?

Do you think with your heart?

Do you feel with your brain?

Do you know how to express beautifully the dramatic, intuitive forces within you?

"Do you actually know," it asks its aspiring Homers, "what the signs of your slumbering abilities mean?"

They are the infallible indicators of your poetic gifts worked out in accordance with inflexible and subconscious laws. To refuse to heed them is dangerous. To comply with them means Happiness, Fame, Wealth.

For \$5 Glory will send you its booklet *The Poet Writes*, which fully reveals these arcana.

Writers' Markets and Methods, a Hollywood temple for yearning writers, and a "national authority for authors for over twenty years," asks all the regular questions, but, interestingly enough, its Literary Counselors also want to know if "you see the funny side of things." WM & M's

main contribution to scientific author guidance, however, is its Dilemma Solution Test, of which the following is a sample. You are to fill in the dashes:

Mel explains chokingly that he has escaped from jail, where he was awaiting a sentence. He states that he is Cameron looks deep into his son's eyes and sees there.

II

Once a Literary Counselor has solved whether his client is an authentic genius, or just a plain money-getter, his real work of counseling begins. He must now unravel the true nature of his client's Creative Forces:

Do you know the nature of your CREATIVE FORCES? Have you tried to express yourself in the WRITTEN WORD? Perhaps you have pooh-poohed your friends' suggestion that YOU can write the GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL? Or perhaps you have really tried and given up? If so, perhaps you do not understand the talents asleep within you. Perhaps you were meant to write the STIRRING SHORT STORY. Perhaps you have within you the germ of a BEAUTIFUL INSPIRING PLAY.

If you suspect any of these things lurking within you, you had better consult Richard W. Lough of Boston. Besides having analyzed Shakespeare and proved that the bard "would have failed utterly as a novelist," Mr. Lough is also able to analyze his contemporaries:

My system of Literary Analysis will enable you to know your kind of writing. It will reveal the peculiarities of your Emotional Nature so that you will not waste time on the wrong kind of writing,

but will devote yourself to the kind . . .
your nature desires you to express.

Even in these days of swollen prices Mr. Lough has been able to hold the charge for his services down to a mere pittance:

If you wish my full professional report of your writing traits together with my scientific advice on the type of literature you should create, send me \$5 together with samples of your best writings.

Less personal than Mr. Lough's examination, but also a great deal cheaper, is the Style Chart for Writers. Invented by Alice V. Gallena of Jacksonville, Florida, this is a "multi-colored Literary Analysis Chart which enables you to discover and direct . . . the type of writing you are best fitted for." Like all the great triumphs of science the Gallena Style Chart is remarkably simple. In fact it might easily be mistaken for a collection of quotations from the world's literary grandees, from Virgil to Elbert Hubbard. Here is the way the chart works:

After each quotation you will find a question with a blank space for an answer. Without looking at the quotation answer the question. Remember it is **IMPORTANT** for you to write in your own special way. But try to write with *feeling and grace*. Do not hold back. Let your creative self burst into expression.

After the rising young man of letters has permitted himself to burst into expression in all of the blank spaces, he must "compare his answers with the quotations." If his reply, for example, to "How would you say goodbye to your sweetheart?" is as good

as the chart's "Parting is such sweet sorrow," his poetic nature rates a perfect score and he "should become a writer of blank verse."

Once the analyzers are through with their amazing probes and have told the literary tyro whether he should confect sonnets or novels, he is all set to receive proper training in his art. Unfortunately the Literary Counselor is usually too busy turning out analyses and giving his clients friendly pats on the back to do much teaching himself. For this reason he generally leaves this chore to others, or if he feels he must have a dutiful hand in it, he engages a corps of special assistants to do the job.

Leading the field, as one might guess, are the high-powered, nationally advertised writers' correspondence schools. The major ones, as I have hinted, are the Newspaper Institute of America, the Supervised Story-Writing School, the Magazine Institute, Writers' Markets & Methods, and also the Palmer Institute of Authorship, of Hollywood. Although these shrines of instruction all appear to do the same work, their methods, oddly enough, are in all cases "original, unequalled, authoritative," as well as "result getting." Their students "can be happier and more successful in the future than they have been in the past." They are not just babbling stripplings with literary yearnings, but "college graduates, salesmen, clergymen, librarians, farmers, engineers, salesmen, corporation executives, painters, statesmen, manufacturers."

In fact, the student roster even includes chiropodists, garage mechanics, and a caddy master.

Though these schools are located all over the country, the biggest and most potent ones are in New York. Not only is this the home of the celebrated Newspaper Institute and the Supervised Story-Writing School, which have put their hallmarks on thousands of writers, but it is also the site of the Magazine Institute. MI "is built like a magazine office" where editors examine your qualifications and assign tasks—all, naturally, by correspondence. Although all mail-order Sorbonnes, as everybody knows, are manned by "high-priced experts," MI has beaten down all competition by staffing its faculty with the "finest teachers of writing who ever lived," including writing masters who once inspired Sinclair Lewis, Eugene O'Neill and Wilbur Steele. With such experts to urge you on, "before long you are writing in your own home fiction stories, essays, short sketches, whatever you are best fitted to do." Every MI trainee, moreover, is entitled to a copy of *Story Writing*, "the best book of its kind" and "not available elsewhere," besides "unlimited consultation by correspondence." In the end, if his tuition of \$100 is all paid up, he also gets a Certificate of Completion to hang in his studio.

One hundred dollars invested in a writing course as grand as that of MI will in time bear rich fruit. The Institute's vaults, indeed, are bulging with testimonials from students who have

climbed to fame and wealth since they took the MI course. Unfortunately, however, this fact isn't always clearly realized by people who have been chiropodists and farmers all their lives. And so, instead of enrolling with MI, they are lured by the lower tuition rates of places like the Supervised Story-Writing School, which charges only \$35 for its full course. On the surface SSW does everything for its rising authors that MI does. In some respects, in fact, it appears to do even more, as when it reveals such secrets as *How to Start with a Bang*, *How to Master the Narrative Hook Trick*, *How to Banish Fear*, and *How to Get in the Big Money*. But all this is only surface glamor. For a measly \$35 not even SSW can have on its staff literary masters who have left their mark on Lewis, O'Neill and Steele.

Still, to protect the unwary and to show what it really can do when aroused, MI recently converted its regular \$100 course into

A STREAMLINED WRITING COURSE, WITH SELF-STARTING AND SELF-CORRECTING ASSIGNMENTS, AMAZING CHARTS FOR ANALYZING YOUR TALENT, AND FINDING YOUR BEST FIELD, AND FULL COLLABORATIVE CRITICISM ON ORIGINAL WORK

All this may be had for only \$25 cash or \$27.50 in easy payments.

If the groping literary apprentice cannot afford even this low price his road to literary grandeur is still not

barred. For him fortunately there is an army of specialists all ready and eager to help. Some of them, like Dorothea Brande, have been content to offer general suggestions, as follows:

If you tend to drink a great deal of coffee when in the throes of composition, try replacing it by *maté*, a South American drink much like tea, but stimulating and innocuous.

also

Rise half an hour, or a full hour, earlier than you customarily rise. Just as soon as you can — and without talking, without reading the morning's paper, without picking up the book you laid aside last night — begin to write. Write anything that comes into your head. . . .

III

More specialized in his literary guidance to the beginner is the Plot Creator. A leader in this specialty is Bavard York of West Hartford. He offers:

PLOTS YOU NEED — Original, written to your order. Friendly personalized service that smooths your writing troubles. Send story idea and \$3 for 2500-word plot carefully constructed for the needs of your story.

If you prefer, for \$3 you can get a "Plot Wheel with hundreds of saleable story plots at your finger tips" from Hugh Parke of Detroit. However, if the young writer can afford \$6 he had better equip himself with a Plot Genie, consisting of a Plot Robot which "reveals the nine operations used in plot-construction."

That the literary trainers have given special attention to the pro-

spective writer of poesy is, of course, thoroughly understandable. For him all the correspondence temples have open house. Better equipped for the delicate job of guiding America's rising Shelleys, however, are the swarms of specialists who concentrate on the work of making the poet's path to the top simple and pleasant. One indispensable friend of the nascent lyricist is James Callman of Chicago, who in the *Writer's Digest* offers "amazing inspiration from above," which, he adds, "can write through your struggles." Most of these literary advisers, like the larger literary training stations, have thousands of satisfied graduates, who have expressed their gratitude in glowing letters, as witness:

Words are too small to try to thank you for your wonderful lessons. When I started my course with you I did not know the first thing about poetry. Now I am no longer perplexed. I write at least one poem a day. Many times I write three and four. I have enough now for several books, enough for all my friends. Thank you so much for your inspiration.

Unfortunately, despite all the help of modern science, it still happens now and then that an apprentice has difficulty mastering the poetic art. But even for him there is help. It comes from Tony Scry of New York. In the *Writer's Digest* he shows the struggling Keats what can be done:

If your poetry has been out to roam
And very sadly comes limping home
Don't fret or tear your hair or curse
I'll re-write it into greeting verse.

Tony is known as the Poet's Friend.

THE GUY WHO NAMED TOMBSTONE

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

WHEN the water gets low in the streams of Douglas County, Oregon, late this summer, twenty, perhaps fifty old prospectors will converge into the region to look once again for Ed Schiefflin's lost mine. They have been at it now for almost twenty years, and the war and manpower situation has had little effect on the genuine old-style prospector, the one-mule, one-pick man, the kind that has been looking for the Schiefflin mine. Some of them haven't yet heard about the current war. They would be only mildly interested, anyway, because there is room for but one idea in the minds of the case-hardened old hill rats of the kind I'm talking about. That subject is a mine, either "lost" or merely undiscovered, that will prove to be a Golconda.

There are far too many "lost" mines in Oregon and elsewhere in the West. Most of them are likely figments of imagination in the minds of men who have lived alone too long. Lone men get that way. But the Schiefflin affair is founded on something more solid than the wishful imaginings of

hill-goofy prospectors. Ed Schiefflin was anything but a goof, and there can be little doubt but that he had struck another rich ledge when he was removed from the scene. At one time he was the best known mining character in all North America.

Until late in 1877 Ed Schiefflin's life never rose above the common stream. He was born in Pennsylvania and moved to Oregon with his parents in one of the covered-wagon trains that rutted the Oregon Trail across the plains. The gold fever caught Ed early in life. When he was twelve he ran away from home to join the rush into the Salmon River diggings in Idaho. That was in 1862. Salmon River petered out quickly, but young Ed didn't return home. He had caught a disease that few men manage to shake in a lifetime.

For the next fifteen years young Schiefflin ranged all over the West, from coastal Oregon into central Montana. He later told a friend of mine that he had panned 800 creeks and rivers during this period, and had driven his pick into more hills than he could remember by name.

STEWART H. HOLBROOK *was born in Vermont but he has spent most of his adult life in the Far West, and is in fact an authority on the folklore of the region.*

Most of the time he managed to pan just enough gold to keep him in flour and bacon, but in 1877 the pickings got so poor that Schiefflin did the last possible thing that any hill or desert rat will do: he took a job at wages.

The job was no proletarian one. It was working as a scout in Al Sieber's troop of horsemen who were helping the United States Army to wipe out the Apaches, or at least to hold them within bounds. Under their chief, the able Geronimo, who was soon to require the entire United States Army to hog-tie him, the Apaches were making life in Arizona rather tough for the palefaces.

Schiefflin wasn't afraid of any man, red or white, but he just didn't like scouting. Didn't have his heart in it. Always mooning over rocks he picked up. His saddle bags became so filled with this stuff that Chief Scout Sieber had to order Ed to dump it in order to carry food and ammunition. Then Ed would acquire more rocks. One day while on lone patrol in the unlovely hills along the San Pedro River in southeastern Arizona, he saw some rocks that looked particularly good. He got off his horse to inspect them. Yes, sir, they looked like indications of silver.

At this moment Scout Schiefflin had all of ten dollars due him in wages. He rode directly to Fort Huachuca and told Chief Scout Sieber what he could do with Ed's job. He drew his ten dollars and with it bought a second-hand pick and a shovel, "borrowed" a little flour and some bacon,

and traded his horse for a mule. Then he dug off into the hills alone.

For his headquarters Ed picked the abandoned Brunckow mine, one of the many countless and worthless holes in the ground in that part of Arizona. Herr Brunckow of Germany had begun to dig in this spot in 1858. Not long after he was found with an arrow through his body. Other brave or foolish men had worked at the Brunckow mine, but it never paid out a dollar. Ed paid the mine no heed, using it only as a camp.

Two weeks later Scout Sieber happened along. He found Ed sitting by his camp fire. "What you doing, Ed?" he asked.

"Prospecting."

"Where?"

"Over yonder," and Ed waved an arm in the general direction of the San Pedro hills.

"What! Them hills?" exclaimed Sieber. "Geronimo is loose in them hills. You won't find nothing there but your tombstone."

"Take my chances," replied Ed, who wasn't overly talkative. Sieber shook his head and passed on, to tell that Ed Schiefflin was desert-crazy and planning to commit suicide by going into the San Pedro hills.

II

It happened the very next day after Sieber saw Ed — I mean the Big Moment. Schiefflin rose with the sun that morning. Leading his mule he started up a wide draw into the hills.

On the way he saw smoke signals from Apache camps. . . . Dot . . . dash . . . dot . . . dash, as some brave warped a blanket to and fro over the fire. They had a Morse of their own. Ed couldn't tell what it meant, but he knew one thing—he'd have to be mighty careful, one man alone, off there in hostile country.

Before long the draw Ed was following divided into two forks. A rabbit scurried up the right fork. Most prospectors play a hunch. Ed took the right fork.

Finally, late that afternoon, Ed saw a spot he thought looked pretty good—a likely piece of ground. He struck his pick into the earth. It might have been so much thick soup, and the pick was buried almost half way to the handle. Hurriedly pulling back the thin top sod, Ed uncovered a long streak of stuff that nearly blinded him; what with the sun on it and all. It shone like pure silver.

In his pocket Ed had a twenty-five-cent piece, his total capital. He took the coin and placed it on the shiny streak, then pressed. When he withdrew the coin he saw the noble slogan so much revered by all good Americans embossed deeply in the streak of metal. By God, it *was* silver, pure, and soft as putty. Ed Schiefflin sweat mightily and it wasn't from the Arizona sun. Under his feet, he was sure, was a hill, aye, a mountain, of silver. Al Sieber had said all he would find in these hills was his tombstone.

"By Jesus!" said Ed Schiefflin, "I'll *call* it Tombstone."

Finding silver and getting cash for it are two different things. Ed hacked off a few specimens, but not out of the rock containing the pure metal. He wanted only fair samples of the ledge, and these he took with him to Signal, Arizona, pronto. He had heard that a brother, Al Schiefflin, was working at the McCracken mine there.

It was told later that even in the tough town of Signal Ed Schiefflin looked on arrival like the poorest desert rat who ever crawled in off the great open spaces. His clothes were tattered, patched with flour sacks, deer skin, and a piece of horse blanket; his hat was pieced with rabbit skin; his boots were in bad shape; his face was hidden by a curly brown beard. Al Schiefflin, when he came off-shift, did not recognize his own brother in this wild-looking man of rags. But Ed convinced him, and Al took him home. Here Ed produced his silver samples and told Al about the big strike. Al remained very calm. He had heard of plenty of big strikes that never panned out. "Ed," he said, "I jest ain't interested in rock."

Well, that left Ed with his rock, or silver, or whatever. He would have to get at least a few dollars before he could do anything about his find. Much against his grain he took a pick-and-shovel job in the McCracken mine. He showed his specimens to the foreman. "Jest a good grade of lead," that expert said. It was the same when Ed showed the ore to others. It was pretty discouraging to a man who knew he had a mountain of silver.

Engineer at the McCracken mine was Richard Gird, who had a reputation as a scientific mining man. Ed took his samples into Gird's office. "I'll take a look at them tomorrow," Mr. Gird said. And he did. He also sent a boy to fetch Ed to his office. "I have assayed your ore," he told the prospector. "One piece runs \$2000 to the ton, another \$600, and the third only \$40. You can't always estimate a claim by two or three samples. Where is your claim?"

Ed had cut his eye-teeth long since. "Over yonder," he said, waving his arms both ways at once. He knew how to answer businessmen.

For the next several days Gird did his best to have Ed tell him where the samples came from. He didn't find out, and at last Gird made a proposition: He would outfit a party of three — himself and the two Schiefflins, if Al cared to go. They would share everything they found three ways. Ed agreed. "There's plenty there for three," he said. The three men struck out of Signal early in February of 1878.

Ed led the party unerringly to the spot he had already named Tombstone Ledge. Gird gave the place a thorough examination and declared that although the pocket was rich, it was also shallow. Several disappointing weeks followed, with Ed doing the prospecting, Gird the assaying, Al the cooking. Then, one day in April, Ed came into camp with that look in his eyes. "Boys," he said, "I've hit the mother lode. She's all jake now."

"Zat so?" remarked Al with sarcasm. "You always was a lucky cuss."

Thus the Lucky Cuss mine got its name. The samples of ore Ed brought in that night assayed \$15,000 a ton. This put a wholly new light on matters, and both Al and Gird cheered up and began to sing. As for Ed Schiefflin, it was nothing more than he had expected. A few days later, just to show what a prospector could do when he got up a sweat, Ed uncovered what became the Tough Nut lode, a \$75,000,000 strike all by itself. Tombstone, Arizona, was in the making.

III

It was no use trying to be secret about such strikes as the Lucky Cuss and the Tough Nut. Within a few weeks men were trooping into the San Pedro hills by the hundreds, then by the thousands, and fabulous Tombstone came into being promptly. Gamblers, prostitutes, and saloonmen arrived in droves. A newspaper, the *Tombstone Epitaph*, began its celebrated career. The Earps, Curly Bill, John Ringo, John Slaughter, Doc Holliday and the Clantons and the McLowerys were on the way. The hell-roaringest mining town of them all was in the works, and its career outshone Virginia City and Butte in trigger-quickness and utter depravity.

The two Schiefflins moved out of Arizona presently and they took one million dollars each with them. Gird remained to develop his share of the fortune and to make more millions.

"A million is enough for any man," said Ed Schiefflin.

The Schiefflin brothers parted good friends, and Al went off to live quietly and to die in 1885. Ed announced that as for himself, he had decided to see what all this talk about New York City amounted to. He went up to Denver where he got an outfit of store clothes, including some pretty fine patent leather boots and a silk hat, and then he took a train of steam cars to New York.

Schiefflin made quite a noise in the metropolis. Tombstone was already well known in Wall Street, and the wild doings of Tombstone's citizens were making other news in the papers. Ed, with his long curly hair and whiskers, and the shiny boots, was sketched by newspaper artists and interviewed. He told the boys that all southeastern Arizona was paved with solid silver. He remarked on the high buildings in New York and sampled champagne at the Waldorf and the Hoffman House. From New York he went to Washington. He was front-page copy here, too, and the same in Chicago. Charity hounds were hot on his trail, begging donations for this or that orphan home, many of which, it turned out later, existed only in name. Ed was a pushover for them all. The old desert rat knew what it was to be hungry. He gave indiscriminately.

But city life didn't fit Ed at all. In 1893, or four years before the world knew that Alaska contained a lot of gold, Ed bought a steamboat and went North, even part way up the

Yukon River. But although Ed said he could fairly smell gold up there, his party failed to uncover any of the rich veins that sent the world crazy in 1897-98.

Returning to San Francisco, Ed sold his steamboat, married a Mrs. Mary E. Brown, and built a mansion on the Alameda. Later he built another big home in Los Angeles. Ed was happy in neither of them. One day in January of 1897 he laid away his silk hat and store clothes and got out his old prospector's rig. Said he was going up to Oregon.

He did go to Oregon, and straight to Douglas County, where he had panned the Umpqua River when he was a lad. He built a cabin and stocked it with provisions. Then he began prospecting along streams that feed the North Umpqua. Men still living say that Ed refused to do any panning or pick work when anyone was around. He was a lone wolf. But his time was running out.

On May 12, 1897, a hunter coming along the lonely trail stopped at Ed's shack with the idea of getting a bite to eat. He found Ed lying face down on the dirt floor of the cabin. It was probably heart disease. There had been no violence. He had been dead several hours. The stove was cold and on it a pot of beans had boiled down to a charred mass.

They took Ed Schiefflin's body to Tombstone and gave him the god-damnedest biggest funeral that town ever witnessed. Bands blared, guns fired, and they buried Ed as he had

requested, with his pick and shovel and in his old red shirt. They also built the kind of monument Ed wanted — a small pile of stones such as prospectors use to mark a claim.

I have read Ed Schiefflin's will. He left his real and personal property in Alameda and Santa Clara Counties, California, to his widow, and to her also went \$15,000 in bonds of the University of Arizona. ("Oughta have a place of book-learning," Ed had said.) To his widow and surviving brother, Jay L. Schiefflin, he left an insurance policy of \$15,000. The will had been carefully drawn. It continued:

I have no children, but should anyone, at their own expense, prove to the satisfaction of my executors to be a child of mine, to each I give the sum of \$50.

The will went on to outline his wish to be buried in Tombstone, and that "none of my friends shall wear erape for me." The will created as much comment in its day as the recent document of Irvin Cobb.

Today, Tombstone, Arizona, is a sleepy collection of decaying houses and a population of less than eight hundred. The silver has gone — many millions of dollars worth of it — and so has the notorious company of adventurers who followed Ed Schiefflin's trail into the hills. On top of those hills, some three miles west of town, is the pile of rocks that marks Ed's grave.

Eighteen years after Ed Schiefflin's death, a nephew of his, serving with the Canadian forces, was fatally wounded in action near Verdun, France. Before he died he talked a while with a soldier friend and gave him a piece of paper. I know this man and have seen the paper. It is a map, with many written notations, of parts of Douglas County, Oregon. The writing is beyond doubt that of old Ed Schiefflin. Two places on the map are marked "Here." The problem presented by the map is to know certain distances that are outlined. These are in a cypher of Schiefflin's own making and can be learned, apparently, only by experiment — which takes a good deal of time in a region as large and as rough as Douglas County. That is why prospectors have been at work there ever since the map was made known eighteen years ago.

There is one more item. About two weeks before he died, Ed Schiefflin wrote and mailed a letter in which he said: "I have found stuff here in Oregon that will make Tombstone look like salt. [That is, a salted mine and worthless.] This is GOLD."

Douglas County officials and businessmen display complete apathy about Ed's lost mine. But not even two dollars an hour in Portland shipyards causes a flicker of interest in the company of hill rats who will invade the Oregon creeks during August and September low water this year.



DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

The Myth of the Beast

WE are from time to time reminded, by thoughtful men who take long views of history and by meditative men given to valuing contemporary events *sub specie æternitatis*, that we are waging war not merely against certain nations, not merely against certain systems of politics and economics, but against a philosophy. The philosophy is the

root; the rattle of gunfire in a Warsaw ghetto, and the heiling and goose-stepping of little children, are only the evil flowerings. Our foe, fundamentally, is an Idea. We are at war, ultimately and in the deepest sense, against a heresy.

The Idea against which we are battling has taken many forms and been defined in many idioms; but the



Prehistoric Man

Frank Utpatel

central core of it is plain enough. The theme of neo-paganism is that the Christian morality is a sickly and spurious thing, its values unnatural and invalid. We are to find our guidance, and our health of soul, instead, in remembering that we are animals, organic particles in the great living totality of nature; and we are to fulfill our destiny under the sun, and render our rightful duty to the gods or God, by glorying in health and strength and a sun-clean animality. We are the great blond beast. Strong as a lion we are; pitiless as an eagle; terrible and sublime. Instinct is better than thought. Our intuitions are born of the blood and the soil, and they instruct us with an ancient voice that does not err. Let us despise the weak, and kill them, for that is the way of the blood. Let us be resolutely frightful in our despoliation, as free of false inhibition as the splendid wolf. Let us have only contempt for chastity, that fraudulent invention, and exult in the loins, like a stag. We pledge ourselves to the soil. We gather, thronged together in our strength, and render homage at the solstice. Let the sacred fires be kindled in the dark forest. Let the thudding drums be rounded now for Wotan.

That is the way the philosophy goes. It has its Oriental variants, of course; it has its local colorings and adaptations. But it has everywhere a common unity. Examine Shinto, originally a ceremony of nature-worship, and it becomes plain why a Japanese soldier is taught to despise pity and

restraint, precisely as a Nazi soldier is similarly instructed. The earth-gods, makers of the tiger, frown on so feeble a cowardice as the restraint of blood-lust. Let the temple-gong sound; let the Wotan-drum sound; let us march gloriously in step with the pulsing blood of the earth, serving as sons of the sun.

The combatting of this philosophy may prove, not impossibly, a very much harder task than the winning of military victories; for it is extremely plausible, and for several generations it has tintured our own thinking to a greater extent than we are apt to realize. Ever since Charles Darwin's demonstration of our evolutionary descent, we have had a general understanding that we are not a Special Creation but are only one of the many species of animals in nature's living totality, our uncle (so to speak) having been a lemur and our great-grandfather a saw-toothed fish.

Since Darwin, adherence to religious orthodoxy has dwindled, and with it the supernatural basis for an ethic. Nephew of a lemur, grandson of a shark, cousin to the wolf: what shall we be but beasts? Nature is red in tooth and claw. Has not a poet said it? We are only a part of nature. Did not the great Huxley insist on that? How logical then the conclusion in Clarence Darrow's words: "Nature knows no mercy or goodness; man is only a part of nature, his conduct not substantially different from that of all animal life; all life is a carnage of terror and death." How plausible, then, for

us to be a kind of wolf of Wotan; how sick and unnatural a thing to refrain from whatever monstrous maraudings; how right and good, how destiny-fulfilling, that we follow our blood-dictated, soil-sprung instincts, achieving once more the brutal magnificence of uncorrupted primitive man, before his mind was sicklied with false thoughts, and the sweet proud savagery of our brother the wolf. We are of the earth, earthy. Very well. Let us exult and glory in it, and lift a bloody banner to the sun.

The whole thing is immensely plausible. It has seduction in it, for minds confused and weary, bereft of old sanctions. Through ages it has had its recurrent appeal, in this guise and that; and it has had to be fought. It may be fought in many ways, by many kinds of argument. Perhaps with a special appropriateness it may be fought by naturalists. For it is the professional work of naturalists to know the natural ways of natural animals; and with that knowledge they must recognize the neo-pagan "naturalism" for what it indubitably is: a monster of anthropomorphic delusion and an evil lie.

II

Forty years ago the naturalist Ernest Thompson Seton delivered at Harvard University a little lecture called *The Natural History of the Ten Commandments*. It was the concern of that lecture to suggest that the articles of the Decalogue are not arbitrary com-

mandments laid down especially for man, but are expressive of a general and thematic moral law pervading all nature: a basic morality followed instinctively by animals. The words that were written, as the Biblical version has it, by God upon tablets of stone, are in fact precepts that indwell in fox-blood, subconsciously constrain the lynx, and rule innately the behavior of every prowling bear.

The lecture may not have proved its thesis on all points. Its argument may here and there have been vulnerable. But in its general intent, and in its accuracy in describing the ways of the animals, it must be endorsed by any naturalist as infinitely closer to the truth than the lurid and ignorant myth put forth as neo-pagan "naturalism." The wolf of Thompson Seton is the real wolf that inhabits the real forest: a curiously shy beast, notable not for a snarling surliness but for a ready — an almost courtly — cooperation with its kind. The wolf exalted into symbol and sanction for unrestricted blood-lust and internecine slaughter has never prowled in any forest or howled under any winter moon. That wolf is the dark dream of a human mind.

Let it be granted that we are (whatever else) an animal. Let it be conceded that we do well not to let our rational thinking turn its back upon the ancient monitions in us that are instinctive and intuitional. Let us by all means heed the blood. Let us not forget that we are earth-sprung, and blood-brother to the stag. Who indeed

can quarrel with these beliefs? But what is the consequence of an understanding holding of them? To be close to the soil, aware of brotherhood with the beasts, to hold the heart open to knowings that are older than thought . . . does that produce a furious savage, proud to destroy and having no pity? It produced a man in a brown habit, walking the Umbrian hills, giving food to the larks and his comradely blessing to brother rain and brother grass and brother stag. The serenity of the peace of God was in him, and his name was Francis.

To be an animal, to be in harmonious kinship with the rest of creaturely existence, to follow instinct, does indeed lay out for us a program of behavior. But it is not the behavior which, in an evil or ignorant anthropomorphism, we impute to our brotherly wild beasts. Nature is no feebly pastel-tinted idyll, true; there is plenty of blood spilled, plenty of the fine heat of the loins, plenty of flashing claws and fangs. But it is implanted in the nature of the beasts, and so in our own aboriginal animal-hearts, that killing shall not be extravagant and indiscriminate, but restrained and for necessary maintenance. It is in the blood of animalhood that sex shall have its season, fecund and glorious; but only its season. The animals are not conscious moralists, any more than a beaver is a consciously calculative engineer or a migrant hawk a conscious expert in celestial navigation. Their life is at the lower — or at any rate the older —

level of the instinctive and intuitive. But under such ancient impellings the wild flocks and herds tend a weakened comrade; the wolf kills only what it must, and then goes peaceably in the woods; it is the way of the predators to bring death quickly and cleanly.

Not by a lifetime of watching senseless agony and unrestricted carnage do old woodsmen come to have in their faces so composed a tranquillity. It was not scenes of wild and cruel rapine in the forests around Walden Pond that gave the look of inextinguishable faith to the eyes of Henry David Thoreau. Seen squarely, fairly, fully, nature exhibits a pattern of theme and tendency against which our human morality is revealed to be no alien and accidental thing, but in truth the high expression of what is implicit in the whole, dimmer or sharper at this or that end of the scale of life, in the protozoa or in our conscious selves. It is not the beasts that neo-pagans celebrate. It is a Myth of the Beast: an anthropomorphic and self-justifying myth. It was not by going knowledgefully into the outdoors, tracking the foxes, watching the deer in their play, nor opening his heart to what intimations a June morning in the wilderness might bring, that Darwin was led into bitter misunderstanding. It was by his lifelong intimacy with what happened in the grimy corridors of courts, the evil confines of a jail, and most particularly in the dark recesses of the human soul . . . that soul which enjoys, in a way that the psyche of a fox does not, the grand

and terrible prerogative of moral choice.

If the false philosophers of a supposed "naturalism" err by imputing to the animals a kind of wayward license that is in fact our own, so is there a deal of dubiousness in their historical reconstruction of that much-cited figure, Primitive Man . . . he of the glorious blood-lust, the splendid savagery. In sober truth, what we know about our remote ancestor in the misty dawn of human history is very little. With a scrap of tooth and a chip of shinbone we patch together a scholarly guess as to what his physical appearance may have been. But it is only gifted romancers who are sure that he dragged his woman by the hair of her head. Known only to Sunday-supplement featurists are the dimensions of the studded club which they are certain he must have wielded. But if the primal man was indeed a creature more of instinct than of thought and will — if he was a being close to original animality — then a naturalist may surmise that this dawn-man very probably went quietly and peaceably in the early forests, took

only such foods as he needed, and had in his heart not impulses to random rapine but instead a primordial conscience. Considered so, original man bears small resemblance to the monster in the myth. He begins to look like something very different. He begins to look very much more like a certain stylized and symbolic representation of him that is part of an old orthodoxy. He looks like Adam.

The life of nature is no pallid and bloodless idyll. But far less is it the monstrous myth proposed in neopagan nightmare. It was not a clergyman, all blurry with benevolence, who said that war has no natural sanction and is an unmitigated disease of civilization. It was Malinowski, the anthropologist. It was not a mystical Rousseauvian who found that an ineradicable drive toward constructive cooperation exists throughout the animal kingdom. It was Allee, the zoologist. It is not a sentimental fancy that opposes itself against the bloody Myth of the Beast. It is the plain hard truth of the honest earth, and the demon-scattering light of common day.



*T*HE effect of power and publicity on all men is the aggravation of self, a sort of tumor that ends by killing the victim's sympathies.

— HENRY ADAMS

THE LIBRARY

Vision of a Christian Society

BY PAUL ROSENFELD

"EACH age," sang Arthur O'Shaughnessy, "is a dream that is dying, or one that is coming to birth." Since he was truly a poet, there is as much "truth" as "poetry" in his song. Each age indeed is the realization, the application, of some social idea which first appeared in the brain of a dreamer and thinker.

We have a terrible proof of this underneath our eyes. Less than fifty years ago, there emerged before the minds of a few French intellectuals, notably before that of Charles Maurras, a social idea called fascism. And what is the present epoch but the horrible tragedy of the realization, the application, of that idea? Or happier ages: what have they been other than the realization of spiritual social ideas, which blessed the entire world? Take the illuminated Eighteenth Century. It was the application of the idea of the English republicans culminating in John Locke: the idea of civil liberty.

Hence it is wise to take cognizance of the emergence of new social dreams, even those which at first seem altogether romantic or fantastic. One such new idea lately has been giving

signs of its existence. Recently it has done so most strikingly in the pages of a rare piece of writing that has resulted from the present war: the rhapsodic pamphlet *Letter to the English* — which just has appeared in a vigorous translation under the title, *Plea for Liberty* —¹ by the powerful French novelist and pamphleteer, Georges Bernanos.

This plan is the not-too-romantic or fantastic one for "a Christian Society." Roughly, it is the plan for a voluntary association without numerical limitations, formed of persons of either sex; a Brotherhood living by a Rule; a sort of lay monastic order for those who care intensely for the spirit's things. Beyond politics, designed for non-political or super-political functions, the order would take into its keeping national education and culture in independence of the state and every political party. Its members would endeavor to live in a perfectly rational and wholesome way, in accordance with absolute, unconditional values. The object, in fine, would be the creation of a guardian for education and culture independent of the forces

¹ \$3.00. Pantheon.

which seek to control the state, and an association for the encouragement of the higher life on the planet.

Readers who know their Plato will smile in recognizing this dream. At least as old as the Greek philosopher, it figures prominently in his idea of the perfect Republic. There, the lay monastic association is called "the order of the Guardians."

But the dream by no means afterwards was confined to Plato, and it reemerged in 1907 in H. G. Wells' *The New Utopia*. A chapter in the book, "The Samurai," is a picture — dictated by an awareness of the need of a nucleus for what is best in society — of a way of life for an ascetic order of moral and physical aristocrats very like Plato's "Guardians."

The Platonist W. R. Inge, famous as the "gloomy Dean" of St. Paul's in London, noted the picture. Reiterating it in the first series of his *Outspoken Essays* in 1919, he credited it to Wells and definitely infused the color of Christianity into the idea. The association, argued he, would require a religious basis, since "religion has a cohesive force greater than any other bond." That basis had best be "a blend of Christian Platonism and Stoicism — a faith in absolute spiritual values and a sturdy defiance of tyranny and popular folly." But, he added, the Brotherhood must not be affiliated with any religious organization. Otherwise, "it certainly would be exploited in denominational interests."

Again the idea emerged, in 1937,

in *Beyond Politics*, a booklet written by the eminent Catholic critic Christopher Dawson in view of the overwhelming threat of right and left-wing totalitarianism to subject man's entire existence to the state. In 1940 it reappeared as the theme of the elegantly thoughtful *Idea of a Christian Society*, by T. S. Eliot. Eliot contemplated an association of clergy and laymen mainly of "consciously and thoughtfully practicing Christians" but open to the followers of other religions. His solicitude that the society include only "persons of intellectual and spiritual superiority" gave the idea of a snobbish tinge, yet the idea owes its name and best exposition to his book.

II

That Dawson and Eliot were familiar with Inge's exposition is almost certain; that Bernanos is familiar with Dawson's, quite likely — for in *Plea for Liberty* he mentions him by name. What, however, is important is that Bernanos' approach to the idea thoroughly differs from his immediate predecessors'. Theirs was rationalistic, logical almost. It is the plan's reasonableness which attracted Wells, Inge, Dawson and Eliot. But Bernanos reaches for the idea enthusiastically, rousing, passionately. Plainly it is making progress; plainly it has begun stirring the deeper levels. To be sure, the difference of approach to a degree flows from the difference between Bernanos' temperament and the others'.

Wells, Inge, Dawson, Eliot, all belong to the type which dreams of correcting life through reason. Bernanos is no less brainy than they. But he is peasant-like: strongly emotional, all guts, fire, blood — and a capacity for grave injustice to people he does not know; Jews, for example, and Americans. He is a hairy-man-of-letters, but one cannot ascribe his approach entirely to his temperament.

What is even more important, and singular: he feels the idea strongly within the bounds of possibility, and its application not remote. Our crisis, Bernanos writes in *Plea for Liberty*, is religious, born of the anarchy of consciences, centuries of materialism and conditional values, the masterhood of money masquerading as a moral and spiritual value. Europe, since it must live, will have to find a new spiritual unity. To vanquish fascism as well as Leninism it will have to create an order in accordance with honor, justice, liberty. And he recalls that European semi-monastic association based on honor, Chivalry. It rose, he says, in a period of egoism, ferocity and despair of the world, like ours; a period which had experienced the collapse of the empire of the Caesars and the empire of Charlemagne. And he proclaims: a miracle like Chivalry, of the spirit of honor and the spirit of childhood, may not be so far ahead of us!

A madman? He is the writer who won moral glory at the time of the war in Spain; and before Munich, with his family, quit France in disgust,

and became a voice crying in the Brazilian wilderness. Bernanos, when he went to Spain in 1935, was an esteemed and successful novelist and pamphleteer with right-wing associations. His novels had imposed themselves on the public by virtue of their "strange power, hallucinatory atmosphere, tragic vision" and their representation of Catholic life lived from within and "felt in all its depth and exigency." Two of his heroic characters were saints; and evil figured in all volumes not as an abstraction but as a personal supernatural power. A pamphlet by him on the French Jew-baiter Eduard Drumont also had shown Bernanos' insight and strength as a writer.

One perceives it afresh on every page of *Plea for Liberty*: in his power of invective; in his lyrical furore, rhythmic flow of racy language and detail, and in his homely imaginative grasp of the abstract. Writing of the children of Spain, he says, "For six years they have lapped fresh blood out of their saucers, they have had Torquemada for wet-nurse, from birth they have suckled at his black dugs." Speaking of the French soldiery in the last world war, he cries,

It was their war. They loved it while they cursed it, as instinctively as they loved any work which required all the skill and the patience of their hands or their arms; as the weaver loves the fine fabric which devours his eyesight, the glassblower some delicate design which leaves him gasping for breath, as the ditchdigger a firm, elastic soil which at each blow makes the handle of his pickaxe sting.

A counter revolutionary, a monarchist, an admirer of Charles Maurras and *L'action française*, he had gone to Spain as a partisan of Franco. There occurred one of the most startling reversals of attitude in literary history. Faced with the actualization of fascism, with the horror, Bernanos began launching vehement attacks on the Spanish hierarchy and its sympathizers; sought to wean French Catholic opinion against Franco and away from his own old allies who were preparing to surrender France to Hitler and Mussolini. An heroic pamphlet, *Cemeteries Under the Moon* — partially translated as *A Diary of My Times* — was followed by *We Other Frenchmen*, an attempt to stop the demoralization of France by creating a loyalty to the country's entire past. Maurras long since for Bernanos had become what he calls him in *Plea for Liberty*, "a sickly, astute, perverse little man, one of the most nefarious in our history." Here indeed was an instance of "the good man slowly wise"! — Let no one scorn him for his unsuccess! John Milton, one of the greatest of pamphleteers, likewise failed. His plea for republicanism appeared scarcely a year before the restoration of the Stuarts.

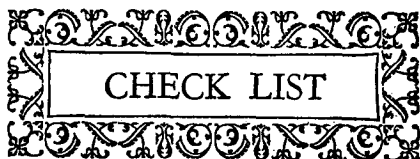
Meanwhile the idea of the new chivalric association, "the Christian Society," which gleams in the final chapter of *Plea for Liberty* must long have been latent in Bernanos. We see it giving signs of its gestation in all his pamphlets: notably in their continual insistence on the sacredness of

absolute values — which, of course, are to be the bond in the new association. Indeed, his steady *bête noir* has been the "practical" people who subvert the values of honor and justice in the interests of their own security: *Plea for Liberty*, for instance, begins with the attribution of the catastrophe of France to the crookedness of the French élite of "politicians, journalists, ambitious women, misfit intellectuals, embittered bourgeois, slow-witted military men, scheming monks and diplomatic and political monsignori." As he searched for a mode of issue for the world from its present disaster, the idea of the new chivalry must suddenly have surged to the surface of his mind.

Since the dream is so deep-set in him, an object corresponding to a hunger of his entire man, we feel that it must be dormant in the depths of others besides himself; and similarly will rise some day to the surface of their minds; and has a chance of becoming the life-giving social ideal of the near future. Whether it will indeed be realized, and realized in any powerful way, is anyone's guess.

This, nonetheless, is certain: when an idea is contemplated with passion, with hunger, to some degree it already is on the road to actualization. This too is certain: Bernanos is quite right in taking encouragement from the history of Chivalry. The old order of honor did rise out of a time not unlike ours, the terrible Ninth Century; and but a short while before its flowering was unthought of. Yet by the year

1000 it was in bloom; and "for all its shortcomings, upheld courage and enterprise, and raised the level of the world from barbarism to civilization."



(Continued from page 644)

been or can be wrong. Even the "man-made famine" of 1932-33, in which a mere four or five million Russians perished, turns out, in Mr. Duranty's account, to be another sign and proof of Stalin's incalculable genius. One searches the book in vain for a word of fellow-feeling for the victims of that concentrated genius, and ends with a fervent prayer that other countries — and particularly our own — might be spared the visitation of such a superman. We still prefer the species in cartoon strips.

THE WORLD OF THE ARABS, by Edward J. Byng. \$2.50. *Little Brown*. A free-ranging account of the vast Moslem areas in Asia and Africa by a journalist and student who has lived in the Arab world and learned to value it, in many respects, above the Occidental. The volume is a kind of grab-bag of information, at once popular and erudite, shuttling back and forth between ancient and modern times, current politics and deep-rooted cultures. It adds up to a most stimulating and readable introduction to peoples whom Americans will surely have to know a lot better in the years ahead.

BORN UNDER SATURN. *A Biography of William Hazlitt*, by Catherine Macdonald Maclean. \$3.50. *Macmillan*. Here at long last is a worthy critical and biographical study of the most penetrating literary critic the English-speaking peoples have produced so far. Miss Maclean winnows out the purely journalistic writings from the genuinely critical, and she gives the whole pathetic story of Hazlitt's two marriages and strange love affairs. She does not

presume to tell Hazlitt how he should have written, as a lesser biographer might have done; and she does not presume to tell him how he should have handled his relationships with women, as some adolescent and bumptious reviewers for the New York papers have already done. She criticizes with humility, and when she deals with Hazlitt's personal life, she writes as, one imagines, a great psychiatrist would write. There are several good illustrations, a huge number of notes, and a good index.

OLD MASTER. *The Life of Jan Christian Smuts*, by René Kraus. \$3.50. *Dutton*. While Dr. Kraus is not the most brilliant biographer in our midst, he is easily among the most industrious, and with each book he improves. This study of the South African leader is better than the author's life of Churchill, even as the latter was better than his biography of Socrates. Dr. Kraus is at his best when he merely describes, and at his feeblest when he attempts to appraise. He deals extensively with every aspect of Field Marshal Smuts' life, except his philosophical writings, which have wielded a considerable influence on Anglo-Saxon metaphysical thinking. Altogether a commendable and useful book.

THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES, by Horace Gregory. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. A collection of essays upon such men as Samuel Johnson, Swift, Yeats, Dr. W. C. Williams, Pope, Lewis Carroll, George Moore and Lord Byron. In each Mr. Gregory has something fresh to say, and his manner has the quiet and grace of one who knows his subject from all angles. His chapter on Dr. Williams is perhaps the best appraisal of a long neglected contemporary writer of the first magnitude.

ARCTIC MANUAL, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. This manual was prepared by the author under the direction of the Chief of the Air Corps of the United States Army. Its principal aim is to offer realistic advice to service men on how to survive in the arctic regions and how to conduct themselves among arctic peoples. Thus it is full of information — geographic, climatic, dietetic, agricultural, physiological — but that information is put on paper in so fasci-

nating a manner that a good deal of it will appeal to the general reader. There are many reproductions of photographs.

OUT OF THE MIDWEST, edited by John T. Frederick. \$3.50. *Whittlesey House*. An anthology of stories, poems, editorials and sketches about the Midwest. They have all appeared since 1910, "the most productive period of literary expression" in the region. Among the authors represented are Ben Hecht, Halper, Farrell, Sherwood Anderson, Hemingway, Edna Ferber, E. W. Howe, Wallace Stegner and William Allen White. Altogether a richly rewarding volume.

YOURS IS THE EARTH, by Margaret Vail. \$3.00. *Lippincott*. When her French husband was sent to a prison camp in Germany, Margaret Vail and her child were left alone in occupied France. Here she offers a purely personal account of their trials: their flight to unoccupied France, to Morocco and back, and the long tramp over the Pyrenees into Spain. Though lacking in depth, the writing is pleasant enough.

NORTHWEST OF THE WORLD, by Olaf Swenson. \$3.00. *Dodd, Mead*. Olaf Swenson, who has been hunting and trading in Northern Siberia for forty years, here gives a marvellous sense of the frozen wastes through which he travelled, sometimes covering thousands of miles by dog sled; and of the natives he met and traded with—their customs and manners, food and clothing, and most vividly of all, the unbelievable filth in which they live.

ANIMAL FACES, by R. Marlin Perkins. \$1.50. *Foster & Stewart*. Ninety-odd pages of animal photographs, each with some comment by the author. If birds and beasts have emotions, Mr. Perkins has succeeded in recording them.

POETRY

1 X 1, by E. E. Cummings. \$2.00. *Holt*. THE SHAPE OF MEMORY, by Winifred Welles. \$2.00. *Holt*. PASSPORT TO THE WAR, by Stanley Kunitz. \$2.00. *Holt*. THE SEVEN SLEEPERS AND OTHER POEMS, by

Mark Van Doren. \$2.50. *Holt*. ÉLOGES AND OTHER POEMS, by St.-John Perse. \$2.50. *Norton*. The volume by Mr. Cummings can be dismissed quickly: it is gibberish intellectually, emotionally and even typographically. Mr. Van Doren's new book, like his previous volumes of verse, is full of neat lines and occasionally neat poems—as for example, "Defeatist" and "The Middle Creature"—, but over it all is a cold wind, an orderly mind that apparently finds more satisfaction in labeling emotional directions than in sinking deep into them. Mr. Van Doren has yet to earn the title of genuine poet. Mr. Kunitz is a better poet, broader in range, less afraid of pure feeling, as witness "Single Vision" and "Approach of Autumn." But he still suffers from his old fault of occasional unintelligibility. The late Miss Welles (1893-1939), as this posthumous volume proves conclusively, was one of the five or six major poets of our time. She had many of the virtues of Emily Dickinson and Walt Whitman, but she also had a very personal emotion of her own and a craftsmanship that frequently matched her insight. Her present volume sparkles with gems: "Winter Morning," "Mrs. Minnie Pitcher," "The Love Child," "Emily and Emily" and "A Moth in the Cathedral." M. Perse, who under his real name of Alexis St. Léger Leger was permanent secretary of the French Foreign Office, is a poet of strange fascination: his verses do not always make sense but they possess a magic of amazing power. Such poems as "The Bells," "The Wall" and "The City," for example, can hardly be described as to content, yet they persist in the memory. The original French text and the English translation by Louise Varèse appear on opposite pages. There is an excellent introduction by Archibald MacLeish.

THE NEW TREASURY OF WAR POETRY. 1939 TO 1943, edited by George Herbert Clarke. \$3.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. About a hundred English and American poets are represented here. At least two-thirds of the poems might well have been left out; they are shrill, dull or meaningless. The rest do not include one truly great poem, yet some of them are quite good: for example, "English Earth," by Lawrence Binyon; "Sleeping Now in Coventry," by Arthur S. Bourinot; and "We That Are Old," by Stephen Gwynn.

THE OPEN FORUM

CAN EUROPE BE FEDERATED?

SIR: The question of what Europe is to do to prevent the future recurrence of wars certainly receives little, if any, concrete answer from Count Richard Coudenhove-Kalergi's "Why Not a United States of Europe?" in the April issue. The author apparently is speaking about some ideal solution possible of achievement in the distant future, rather than looking at the matter in terms of near reality. Without going into the matter of the diversity of European groups, their language differences, and cultural dissimilarity, which are serious factors to be considered in any solution pointed toward the unification of Europe, let us face the real facts which of themselves are currently major obstacles to continental unity.

The present attitude of the United States, Britain and Russia, relative to the coming peace, is anything but one to encourage trust on the part of those nations who numerically would comprise the largest segment in a federated Europe. Experience has demonstrated to these small countries the basic philosophy of Britain's political policy — Empire first, last and always. True, certain British leaders have declared in favor of such a unification but it is not based on the assumption of equality for all member nations. England, in any Pan-European coalition, will expect to be accorded a superpowerful rôle in its administration. Mr. Churchill's most recent acts only serve to emphasize this viewpoint. And it is to be remembered that actually the inherent democracy of which Britain boasts is merely superficial. The people of Europe, as well as non-Europeans, have long realized that the British people have little say in their government, that it is the Prime Minister and the few men who comprise the Cabinet who actually rule the nation.

Russia has by action frankly let the world know her intentions. She has never been fooled by British diplomacy, and has, no doubt, nettled

the English by beating them at their own game. The Kremlin is ready to play power politics with the best of them, and realizes there are some small Central and East European countries ready to accept her protection rather than the dubious security held out by Downing Street. The British stand at Munich will not be soon forgotten.

Our position in regard to a United States of Europe is uncertain. We should by all means favor international cooperation. But Count Coudenhove takes an illusory stand, and one that would be detrimental to us, when he concludes that our direct participation in such a federation would rid us of a heavy burden of a warring European continent. Are we to function in the rôle of holder of the "big stick"? America does not wish to be looked upon by anyone as the big bad man who spans, or the protector of the world. We will gladly share our part in working for world peace, but prefer that our sharing be on a cooperative rather than an enforceable basis. America is willing to help in bringing together all people in world accord but we do not want to act the part in the coming world drama for peace assigned to us by Count Coudenhove.

In drawing up the blueprint for a United States of Europe no one or two already successful forms of government will suffice as examples to follow or to serve as a foundation on which to build. The conglomerateness of such a federation poses special problems peculiar to it alone. Thus, the advocacy of using a Constitutional structure like the United States to guarantee prosperity, or like Switzerland to assure peace, and like them both to achieve freedom is illogical. It shows a lack of objective thinking to contend that "America's spirit of federation can triumph in Europe." We are still hopeful that what George Washington said in the founding of our country, "We have sowed the seeds of liberty and union that will spring up everywhere upon the face of the earth," will eventually come true. But we question

whether he believed that every union must adopt the pattern set by us. For it seems to us a sound premise, if it is to have lasting effect, that each federation must come together and reach a satisfactory solution that will arise from the settlement of its own peculiar problems.

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Research Associate

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POLAND AND RUSSIA

SIR: For several months our feature writers, radio analysts and Liberals have been echoing the voice of the Soviets on the Polish border question. These American propagandists, whatever their motives may be, are doing a tremendous amount of damage to the cause of a just postwar settlement in Eastern Europe. Let me, then, congratulate you for publishing such a courageous, clear and factual article on the Soviet-Polish dispute in your March issue. ("Will Stalin Dictate an Eastern Munich?," by William Henry Chamberlin.) The facts cited in that article deserve the widest possible dissemination. Were they brought to the attention of our too mis-informed American public, we might possibly hope for a saner and fairer attitude toward the legitimate Polish government for whose cause Britain took up arms in 1939.

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Dean

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"RAZZLE-DAZZLE VILLAGE"

SIR: I've just read the article: "Razzle-Dazzle Village" by Nathan Cohen in the March issue of your magazine, which concerns my home town. While the piece makes provocative reading, it is so unfair that I can't refrain from writing a brief protest. Not only are some of the statements in it untrue but the impression created of a community given over to irresponsible, "razzle-dazzle" spending is an utterly false one. It is conceded that Hibbing has been guilty of extrava-

gances in the past but that hasn't been the case for more than a decade. Indeed, Mr. Cohen's picture is much more true of the Hibbing of the 1920's than it is of the 30's or 40's. And for that matter was not the whole country on a spree in the 20's?

Mr. Cohen has no word about the fact that our iron mines operate in normal times at the most for six or seven months a year because of our severe winters when the ore can't be shipped down the lakes and that for the remaining six or five months out-of-work miners are in effect public wards, dependent on casual labor made possible by municipal tax money. Nor did he recall that in the 20's and before that time, mining companies had immigrant peasants brought in by the carload for cheap labor in the mines, responsibility for which they disclaimed when depression and labor-saving machinery put these men on the rolls of the unemployed.

All this, of course, does not excuse the town for its past follies and extravagances. However, a writer who purports to draw a fair picture of our town should also tell of what its background is. In addition to consulting at sympathetic length the representatives of the mining companies, such a writer should contact other sources of Hibbing's history. Mr. Cohen could have learned from venerable W. J. Power, former mayor and brother of the late Victor Power, how Hibbing was merely a collection of mining shacks when he was mayor around 1908. He could have told how mining company operators, in an attempt to keep their tax expenditures down to a bare minimum, had legal representatives at every meeting of the town council, ready to serve an injunction preventing the authorizing of such modest projects as the paving of dirt streets and walks. This short-sighted policy on the part of those who were reaping great profit and benefit from the ore they were shipping from the vicinity resulted in inevitable reaction, once the town's leaders were able to break the grip of the mining companies.

It must be remembered, too, that the iron mines near Hibbing are not inexhaustible, that their great deposits of ore at some time will be gone. When that day comes, townspeople reasoned, the operators could pull out intact, leaving residents with valueless property, surrounded by

holes in the ground, ore waste dumps on the ground, with nothing to show for what had been the hugest, richest iron ore deposits the world has ever seen. Because a town and its leaders had enough initiative, independence and self-respect to "break the bonds," so to speak, must it be held up to the ridicule of a nation as it now is in your magazine and in reprints of the article in some of the country's largest papers and ultimately in the *Reader's Digest*?

FRANZ NÆSETH

3426 3rd Avenue W.,
Hibbing, Minn.

CATHOLICS AND BIRTH CONTROL

SIR: Because I am a Catholic I read with interest Dr. J. H. J. Upham's article, "Catholics and Birth Control" in the February issue of *THE MERCURY*. As I am neither a physician nor a clergyman I am not eager to debate the medical and religious aspects of the Catholic opposition to birth control with Dr. Upham. But I am willing to take issue with him when he terms Catholic activity in support of this opposition "a direct and dangerous invasion of civil rights, as well as a startling infringement of the American principle of separation of church and state."

Dr. Upham seems to be unaware that any attempt to deny to any group in our community the legal right to work and to propagandize for ends which it considers good is in itself a denial of that democracy which makes our society the freest on earth.

The essence of our democracy is the right of any group to engage in any legal activity for any end they deem desirable. Should they engage in illegal activities the remedy is to "have the law" on them, not to call for blanket suppression of the right of any group to agitate.

DANIEL M. KELLY

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: You are indeed to be congratulated on publishing "The Catholics and Birth Control," by Dr. Upham. It is without a doubt the most enlightening and interesting article I have ever read on the subject. The public is in dire need of a liberal education along these lines to cope with

the situations brought about by one imperious religious group.

MRS. ALMA L. NATALIE

Minneapolis,
Minnesota.

SIR: The article by Dr. Upham, entitled "Catholics and Birth Control," is curious and amusing from a logical point of view. It reminds us of the title of a pamphlet by Father Cox, S.J., "Birth Controllers and the Perversion of Logic."

Dr. Upham begins his article by telling us that he is not equipped to speak on questions of theology, but is writing merely as a medical doctor. Yet his article is built around some twenty dogmatic and theological statements. What right has Dr. Upham to discuss moral theology under the guise of a medical doctor? Clearly he has no right as he himself admits. . . .

He, moreover, tries to give us the impression that his minority group constitutes the main body of Christians. It does not matter to Dr. Upham that the vast majority of Christians hold contraception to be immoral and irreligious. He omits to mention the fact that many Protestants condemn it. And not being a theologian he is perhaps unaware of the fact that there are 100,000,000 more Catholics in the world than all of the Protestant groups taken together. He seems likewise unaware of the simple moral truth that a thing is wrong and immoral when forbidden by God, even though all the men on earth should try to make it right.

Again, it does not concern the Planned Parenthood President, Dr. Upham, that these very Protestant groups he mentions have recently changed their views on this question. Not very long ago all Christians, both Catholic and Protestant, held contraception to be immoral. If Protestant theology was correct then, these Liberal Protestants must be wrong now. Has the fact changed because some liberals have changed their teaching on this point? The God Who forbade contraception a hundred years ago does not change, nor does the nature of an immoral act change, no matter how much some men would like to change it. . . .

Whether or not contraception is immoral is clearly a question of moral theology. And theology has from the beginning declared it to be

immoral. It is condemned in Holy Scripture, it was condemned by St. Augustine in the fifth century, and by Thomas Aquinas and others in the thirteenth century, and it is condemned today by the vast majority of all Christians and by the greatest moral teacher in the world, the Catholic Church. Does the doctor think to help America by urging an immoral practice upon the citizens of this country? The dire effects of immorality upon nations is blazoned on the pages of history. We suggest a study of the effects of immorality on the Roman Empire to anyone who desires to see this for himself. Those who really love America will defend our country against those who are striving to spread immorality. . . .

But enough attention has been paid to Dr. Upham. On a theological question the answer must obviously be sought from one qualified to answer moral problems. The real answer is clearly given by the divinely established Catholic Church which Christ has commissioned to teach infallibly on questions of faith and morals.

REGIS H. RITER, C.S.C.

Professor of Philosophy

*University of Portland,
Portland,
Oregon.*

SIR: Congratulations on your foresighted courage in publishing the article on "Catholics and Birth Control," by Dr. J. H. J. Upham. It's been a long time since anything so inspiring has passed before these blasé eyes!

I am not a writer of so-called "fan" letters; in fact, I never wrote one before. But for once I have been swept clear outside any lingering complacency. I think Dr. Upham has done a splendid piece of work in analyzing and evaluating the whole situation, and in presenting it so fairly and clearly.

And at once, I assure you that I am not "anti-Catholic;" in fact, my paternal grandparents were Catholic. But that the rightness and fairness of this article should appeal to publishers fearless enough to present it thus to a thinking public, gives me a spiritual lift and a new appreciation of the democracy that is our heritage. Surely this type of activity on the part of the Catholic church is an insidious canker, as Dr. Upham so eloquently points out.

I have talked to many friends about this article, and all have commended the item, Dr. Upham's presentation and your courage in thus publishing a controversial subject.

MRS. LINDSAY A. FRAME

*Worthington,
Ohio.*

MRS. ROOSEVELT

SIR: In the seventeenth century, William Congreve wrote:

Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected

He might well have been describing Eleanor Roosevelt. Charm she has and I'd be the last to deny it. But to call her "naïve" and "a handsome woman" — oh, no!

However, I don't believe she actually "influences" Franklin D., as Miss Pasley implies in "First Lady to the Common Man," in the March MERCURY. He has too strong a personality of his own. But even Mrs. Roosevelt's attitude toward feminism shows that she cherishes the ideal of "the little woman behind the big man's success." Even if she can't influence her husband she still tries to carry on in her rôle by attempting to influence others for her husband's benefit. Her "electioneering" tactics abroad are parallel to many another woman's engineering "a little family dinner for the boss."

As for the soldiers in the South Pacific — from what my correspondents say, they'd be as glad to see the clerk from the corner drugstore or the old lady that scrubs the City Hall. Anyone from home is greeted with cheers!

Her "regular fellers" act is another laugh. Why, I've heard common laborers and people of that ilk say, "The nerve of her. Putting on that act when everyone knows she was born with a silver spoon in her mouth."

The reason most of us get tired of seeing Mrs. Roosevelt's picture is just that she's so omnipresent. We'd get every bit as sick of seeing the simpering, pretty face of some movie starlet.

Just after she'd returned from England last winter, I heard Mrs. Roosevelt speak at Columbia University. She was charming and entertaining. But the thing that interested me was her keen, clever mind. The woman Virginia Pasley imputes

(Continued on page 766)

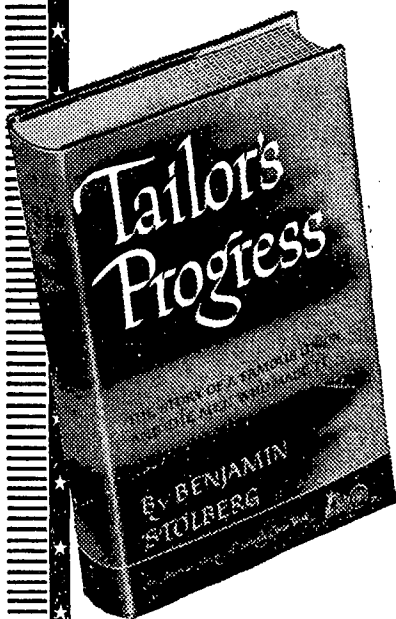
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(Continued from page 762)

to be dumb answered tricky impromptu questions from the audience, afterwards, with the most adroit dissembling I've ever heard.

A. B. VIERHAUS

*Mount Kisco,
New York.*

"PEACE NOW"

SIR: For sheer cruelty to harmless individuals and for crude misrepresentation of a humane outlook, your May article on "Peace Now" by Messrs. Whelan and Johnson takes the prize. Featured on the cover next to your own brilliant and honest "Letter to American Liberals," it is a repugnant model of totalitarian intolerance toward minorities which should cause authentic liberals some severe conscience pangs.

The "Peace Now" Movement is as "goofy" as the Abolitionism of a century ago. Its basic orientation is defined in this proposition:

The President and Congress could end this conflict promptly and satisfactorily for all mankind by jointly announcing America's definite Peace Aims and inviting Allies and Enemies to send representatives to an immediate Public Peace Conference for the discussion of terms.

Opposition to so reasonable a request as this comes mainly from (1) those who hold that military force *alone* is the road to social advance, and (2) those who seek a punitive peace and therefore refuse to deal with the representatives of the German and Japanese peoples on terms of diplomatic equality. For Americans blindly to follow a policy of Unconditional Surrender means that we as citizens would ourselves be surrendering unconditionally to a unilaterally-established postwar order — an arrangement that can hardly be called democratic.

But your contributors did not meet our arguments by resorting to rational discussion of the rival values at stake. Among gross inaccuracies and erroneous implications are these: 1, that

"Peace Now" accepts the financial support of "pro-fascists;" 2, that Dr. Hutchinson, our present active vice-chairman, resigned from the organization; 3, that a carbon copy of a *proposed* Letter to the President which was mailed to officers for criticism ever became an *actual* communication; 4, that a person can be both a true pacifist and an *anti-Semite* simultaneously (about as impossible as a vegetarian butcher); 5, that every one who receives or requests a sample of our literature is *ipso facto* either our endorser or acceptable to us; 6, that "Peace Now" recruits most of its associates from the real "lunatic fringe;" and 7, name-calling distortions like terming a principled opponent of war such as Jeannette Rankin an "isolationist," etc.

GEORGE W. HARTMANN
Chairman

The Peace Now Movement,
Cambridge, Mass.

"DECLINING" NEW YORK

SIR: I was happy to have the opportunity to read the article by Richard H. Rovere, entitled, "The Decline of New York City," in the May issue. Mr. Rovere's thesis is interesting. That I cannot deny, but I would not advise him to take a "short" position in New York City real estate.

NEWBOLD MORRIS
President

The Council,
City Hall,
New York City.

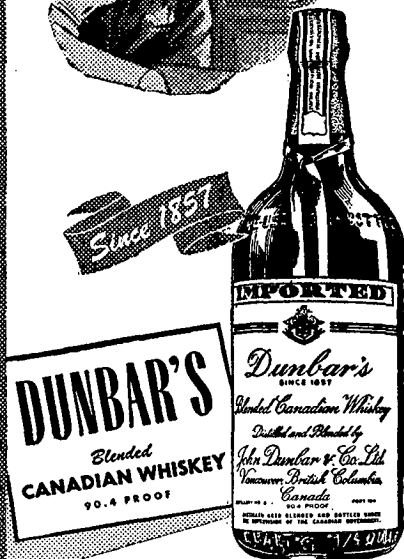
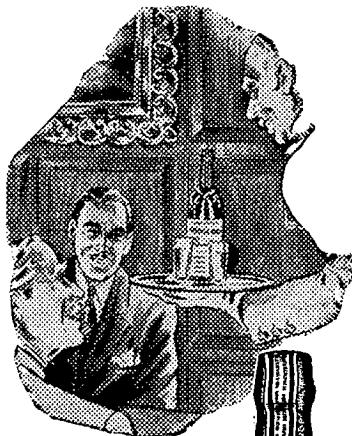
CORRECTION

SIR: My attention has been called to an article entitled "And Now Washington Is Safe!" by Mr. George Dixon, which appeared in the April 1944, issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. In this article Mr. Dixon states that he was investigated by the Federal Bureau of Investigation in connection with the obtaining of a White House pass. I thought you might be interested to know that the Federal Bureau of Investigation has never investigated Mr. Dixon and that we have nothing whatsoever to do with the issuance of White House passes.

J. EDGAR HOOVER
Director, Federal Bureau
of Investigation

United States Department of Justice,
Washington, D. C.

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—with 131 billion bucks in our pockets.

But only 93 billion dollars' worth of goods to buy.
That leaves 38 *extra* billion dollars.

Sure, the easy thing to do is to take that 38 billion
and start running around buying things we don't
need, bidding against each other . . . forcing
prices up and up!

Then people want higher wages. Then prices go up
some more—and again wages go up.

And then where are we!

But us little guys—us workers, us farmers, us busi-
nessmen—are not going to take the easy way out.

We're not going to buy a single thing we don't need.

We're not going to ask higher wages for our work,
or higher prices for the things we sell.

We'll pay our taxes willingly, without griping.

We'll pay off all our debts now, and make
no new ones.

We'll *never* pay a cent above ceiling prices.
And we'll buy rationed goods only by
exchanging stamps.

We'll build up a savings account;
and take out adequate life insurance:

We'll buy War Bonds until it really pinches.

Heaven knows, these sacrifices are chicken feed,
compared to the ones our sons are making.



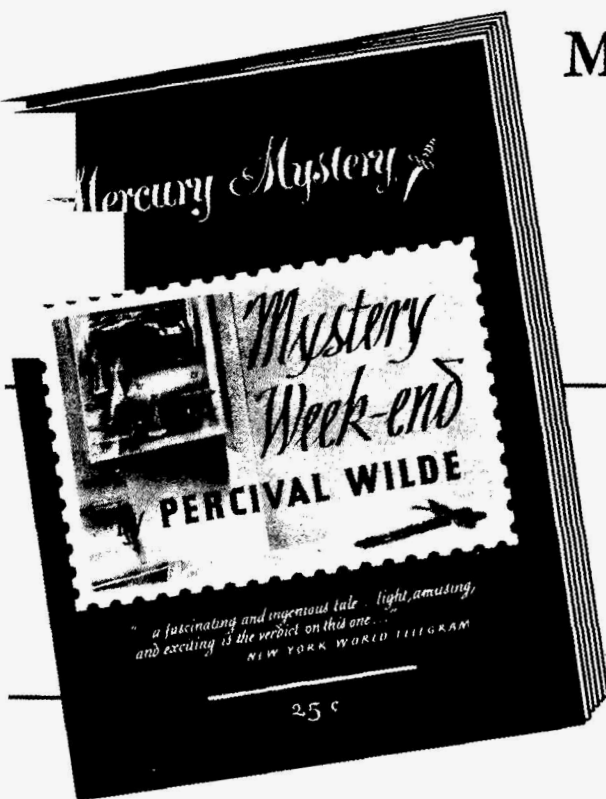
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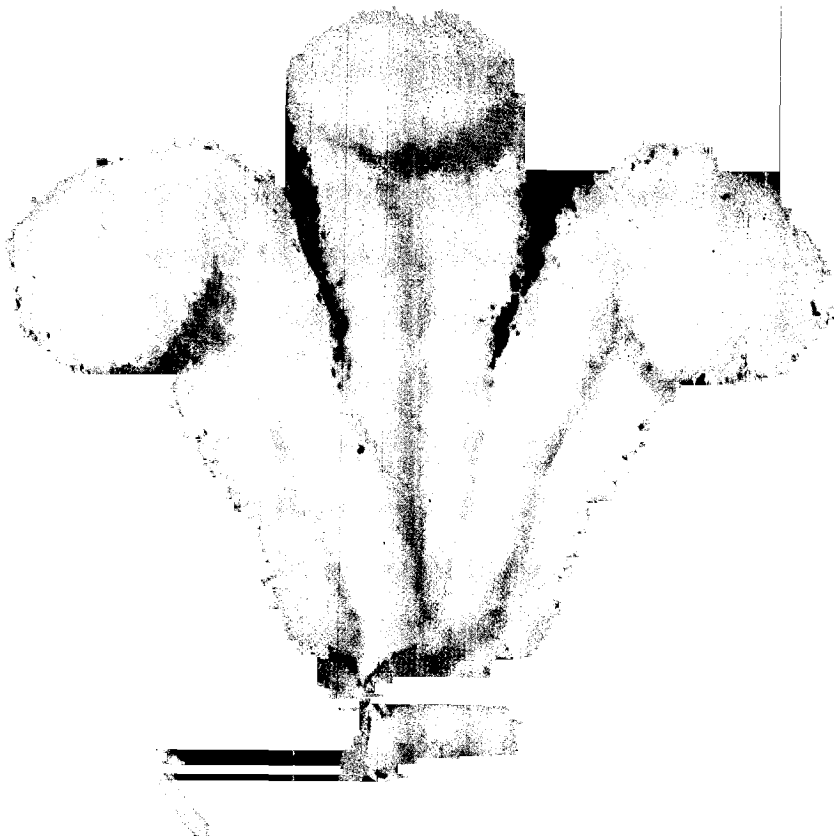
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